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AMBASSADOR HOUGHTON does Europe and America a positive service by his plain speaking. There was a warning in his words at the Pilgrims' dinner in London:

> The full measure of American helpfulness can be obtained only when the American people are assured that the time for destructive methods and policies has passed and that the time for peaceful upbuilding has come. They are asking themselves if that time has in fact arrived. . . .
>
> If the answer is peace, then you may be sure that America will help to her generous utmost. But if—which God forbid—that answer shall continue confused and doubtful, then I fear that those helpful processes which are now in motion must inevitably cease.

DR. LUTHER is eminently justified, and so will be the new President of Germany, in demanding the evacuation of Cologne. Everybody knows that this is a deliberate violation of the intent and spirit of Article 429 of the Treaty of Versailles and everybody knows how the Germans would be abused if they were to decline to obey a similar provision of the treaty. There would be immediate talk of more sanctions to awake them to a sense of honor and of decency. Unfortunately there is no super-power to awake the Allies to a realization of their shame. The excuse that Germany is not disarming is so patent a fraud that the official reports, which were to prove it, have never been published. We ourselves wish for no better testimony than that given by Ambassador Houghton on his return to America when he denounced the suggestion that Germany was not disarmed and declared that she was not only weaponless but cured of any desire to be a great military power.

NOW IT IS FRANCE'S TURN to feel the sting of the Riff tribes in Morocco. For several years Abd-el-Krim has been harassing the Spaniards in their zone along the northern coast. Having virtually defeated them and driven their forces within an extremely narrow strip along the Mediterranean, he has now turned against the French protectorate to the south. France, with an extensive establishment in Morocco and her occupation of Algeria and Tunis to the east, can and will put up a far more effective resistance than Spain, but she suffers from one serious embarrassment. Dispatches from Paris say that her operations will be defensive, limited to driving the Riffs out of her own zone. Obviously they will not and cannot be. In order to stop continuing danger from border raids the French will have to follow the Riffs into their own strongholds, in nominal Spanish territory. This will be eyed askance by both Spain and England, but they can hardly protest effectively. Fortunately for France, she is not menaced by any general uprising of natives in her own protectorate. The conflict is another addition to the long and bloody epic of the effort of European nations to dominate North Africa. It is also another flaming frontier in the smoldering revolt of the world's "inferior races" against their taskmasters.

WE CONFESS never to have seen a more nauseating spectacle of political turncoatism than that offered by that lifelong free trader, Winston Churchill, in proposing a thoroughgoing protectionist budget for Great Britain. If public men can thus throw away their avowed principles and beliefs in return for office, how can anybody expect the public to have any faith whatever in office-holders? We hear much on both sides of the Atlantic of wavering respect for authority. Why should one have any respect for ministries when this sort of thing happens? All his life Mr. Churchill, changeable as he is, like his father, has maintained his free-trade allegiance; when he joined the Baldwin Cabinet it was even interpreted as an omen that the McKenna duties, abolished by Ramsay MacDonald, might not be restored. Instead we have them reproposed at the hands of the free trader himself, and Great Britain is once more definitely enrolled among the protectionist nations. What makes it worse is that those industries which were relieved of the duties a year ago have not suffered, but gained. No one can successfully controvert Philip Snowden's statement that the repeal of the McKenna duties has actually been of great service to the motor industry whose death-knell was supposed to have been sounded. It has increased the number of employees, enlarged the exports of British automobiles, and brought down prices. Nothing like that could, of course,

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check Winston Churchill's new-found zeal for heavy duties. Mr. Snowden is right that if motors ought to be taxed as luxuries, the British car should itself pay such a tax.

THE BEST PART of the Churchill budget is the new pension scheme by which thirty millions of people—70 per cent of the total population—irrespective of financial conditions, will benefit by this system of contributory insurance. The cost of this will rise as high as $120,000,000 by 1945, and the Baldwin Government deserves high credit for developing the scheme even though it is in Mr. Snowden's estimation a mere cloak to conceal "the worst rich man's budget ever presented." Our American Tories are doubtless aghast that such a "socialistic" proposal has emanated from so conservative a statesman as Stanley Baldwin. That merely lends point to the story of a member of the Lloyd George Cabinet who came over to the United States during the last campaign and was assured by his friends that no such wild radical as Robert La Follette had ever appeared in England or America. After reading every speech of the Senator he declared that Stanley Baldwin could not possibly admit Mr. La Follette to the British Conservative Party because the Senator was quite too conservative for it! How would not the welkin have rung with denunciations of Mr. La Follette as a demagogue, a shameless purchaser of votes by the bribery of nation-wide pensions, had his platform included any such proposal! So far as the rest of the Churchill budget is concerned, it certainly merits the applause of Messrs. Mellon and Coolidge, for it is carefully framed to benefit not merely the rich man but especially the very rich man. Mr. Churchill is to reduce the income tax by $100,000,000, although he will need $70,000,000 at once for his pension scheme. Half of this $100,000,000 is taken off the backs of the richest men in England. Mr. Churchill offers nothing to aid the unemployed, the number of whom has risen alarmingly to 1,500,000, among whom, it is reported in dispatches, are 80,000 officers of the late war.

LEADED GASOLINE, we are glad to record, has been taken off the market by the company manufacturing it until conclusive tests can be made as to whether the exhaust from motor cars using the mixture is dangerous to the public. *The Nation*, we believe, was the first to call attention—on the authority of Dr. Yandell Henderson of Yale University—to the probable menace to health in the exhaust from leaded gasoline. This was pointed out in an article by Mary Ross in our issue of November 26, 1924, before any daily newspaper had taken up that aspect of the danger from tetra-ethyl lead. Recently, however, the New York *World* has valiantly taken up the subject, arousing the public and bringing pressure to bear against the use of the mixture pending further inquiry. Columbia University's investigators have sent their findings to Surgeon General Cumming of the Public Health Service, and the manufacturers of tetra-ethyl lead—who financed the inquiry—are willing that the report be made public. We hope that the Surgeon General will make these findings known at once and will keep the public informed about other inquiries.

OUR NEWSPAPERS, marching to the tum-tumming of our financiers, are giving three cheers and a tiger for Great Britain because of her restoration of the gold standard. For American financiers it is, of course, a fine move; it strengthens the position of gold as the basis of the world's money and it increases their control over international credit and industry. Whether the action will be as excellent for Great Britain remains to be seen. A good many British economists—among them J. M. Keynes—answer: "Probably not." British exports, in figures of tonnage, are still about 25 per cent below their pre-war quantity, and for the moment, at least, the resumption of the gold standard is likely to hurt exports because it will increase the cost of British goods to the foreigner who has to buy in terms of the pound at par. That will be true, at least, until British prices fall; which would probably mean lower wages, trade depression, and further unemployment. Great Britain, which since the armistice has been pushing the paper pound up toward gold parity, is still behind in her international trade. France, whose government is bankrupt and whose currency is frankly debased, is nevertheless highly prosperous industrially and her foreign trade is greater now than before the war. This increased trade has been won in no small degree by the depreciated franc and, consequently, low prices to the foreign buyer.

FRANCE MAY HAVE TO PAY the penalty at any moment by a complete collapse of her finances. French policy has been definitely opportunist and materialistic. The British attitude has been dictated more by sentiment and old-fashioned business honor. It was such considerations which led England to begin paying her war debt to America, and in the long run a policy of that kind may give her finance and her industry a stability and integrity that will compensate for the immediate cost. That will depend on what ultimately happens to the gold standard. Our financiers, of course, will not breathe a doubt of the survival of this standard, and as long as they are in control its position would seem to be assured. But we know a great deal more about the gold standard now than when it was so fiercely debated a generation ago in the Bryan-McKinley Presidential campaign. John A. Hobson put it nicely in *The Nation* of April 29:

> Economists have devised far better standards in composites of actual commodities. But what they have failed to devise is rational men and honest governments. So long as men think they want gold, and will not let their goods go except for gold, it will be necessary to have a gold reserve. So long as governments cannot be trusted to issue honest money, it may be well to bind them in gold shackles.

IF ANOTHER DEMAND for ship subsidies is to be made at the next session of Congress—in spite of President Harding's failure to obtain such a measure—we shall be glad to see the issue joined on the proposal of T. V. O'Connor, chairman of the Shipping Board. Mr. O'Connor says that the nation has 600 steamships for sale at prices which would make them bargains if the government would pay the difference between operating with American and foreign crews. He proposes to pay $20 a month for each American in the crew of such a ship. The cost, he estimates, would not exceed $6,000,000 a year. Mr. O'Connor's plan sounds like the simplest and the most honest of recent ship-subsidy measures. Other bills, while nominally drawn to benefit American seamen, have called for lump payments most of which would have gone to steamship owners rather than to their crews. Mr. O'Connor's plan, as we understand it, would be for the actual benefit of American seamen. And just for this reason it will be easy to beat. Steamship owners themselves will not be enthusiastic over a subsidy

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which they cannot divert to their own pockets, and the public will refuse to countenance a clear proposal to pension one group of able-bodied workers at the expense of all the others. An American-manned merchant marine is to be cherished if it can paddle its own canoe. If it has to be carried on the shoulders of the taxpayers it is not worth a plugged nickel at the bottom of the Sargasso Sea.

AN INTERNATIONAL EPIDEMIC of delirium tremens swept the world in the last week of April. It was peculiarly virulent in the offices of the European correspondents of American newspapers, and in the headquarters of the New York City police. Headlines flamed. The Communists had 30,000 armed men in Paris; the German Bolshevists planned a national riot as a warning to Hindenburg; Italy was seething with revolution; England was in panic because someone attached to the Polish Legation said that a friend of his in Vienna had told him that someone was plotting to kill Austen Chamberlain. And in our own New York Commissioner Enright posted sentinels about the public buildings and the homes of the rich men, and then sent out his flying squadrons to save the city. They saved it in the nick of time. On the night before May Day they broke up a dozen peaceful meetings; they arrested a Russian for distributing a stereotyped invitation to the working class to strike on May Day, and two Italians for selling copies of an I. W. W. newspaper. Thereupon revolution all over the world, apparently, just lay down and died. Most of the papers had no reports whatever of the predicted May Day disturbances, but the faithful New York *Times* printed a whole column of dispatches from its representatives in London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Milan, Mexico City, and Copenhagen. May Day in Europe Passes Off Quietly was the headline. One little aftermath capped the day in New York. An Irish police magistrate had the good sense to release the Bomb Squad's prisoners and to suggest that the police find better things to do.

BABIES DIE, apparently, chiefly because their families cannot afford to keep them alive. The obvious relationship between poverty and infant mortality is analyzed into its elements in an intensive study of the first year of 23,000 babies in eight American cities, made by Robert Morse Woodbury for the federal Children's Bureau. Poverty usually means an overcrowded home—and in homes where two or more persons live in each room the infant death-rate is more than twice that of homes where each member of the family had a room to himself. Poverty often means that the mother has to work for wages through her pregnancy, and perhaps to wean the baby early and hurry back to work; it makes a mockery of the doctor's earnest prescription of "no worry or fatigue"; it usually means less adequate care of the baby during his critical first year. Ignorance too runs hand in hand with poverty, and all of these factors are measured sharply in the death-rate. The comparative infant death-rates of different nationalities in the United States, beginning at 53 per 1,000 babies born alive among the Jews, curves upward to 93 for the native whites, 103 for the Italians, 154 for the colored people, 171 for French-Canadians, and 200, the highest, for the Portuguese, reflecting roughly the economic inequalities of these racial groups in this country. While it costs only a third as much to supervise a baby's first year through a health center as it costs to bury him, the root of unnecessary infant deaths can be cut only by fundamental social reorganization; every family must have that living wage which so literally spells life or death for its weakest members.

YOUNG CHINA is using Western methods against the West. The union and the strike have become powerful weapons among the students in the schools and colleges of China, and seem to be used freely for political and patriotic and for merely academic purposes. In Foo-chow the students' union attacked and destroyed fish-shops which were selling American herring, and threatened with violent consequences all dealers who continued to buy or sell it. They declared a boycott on the Anglo-Chinese College, backing their threats against students and employees with bodily assaults. A strike in an American missionary school was ended only when the president granted the strikers' demand—the inclusion of Confucius's birthday among the regular school holidays. The method of dealing with these exuberant young men seems to be the cautious one of complete surrender. The herring-dealers are not buying American herring; the police are not arresting, or the courts sentencing, the offenders. The Peking *Times* quotes a dispatch stating that at Foo-chow, where these recent disturbances occurred, the student "movement" consists of twenty young persons; but, it adds:

> The U.S.S. Asheville will remain at Pagoda Anchorage to protect the American community in case the agitators get out of hand again, since they appeared to have intimidated the whole city of one million people, although they are a mere handful in number.

Some of these demonstrations are of local origin; many are aimed at Western institutions and the importation of Western goods. Whatever their cause, we wish the student unions of China would hesitate before they import the methods of the less disciplined striking unionists of the West—especially if one American gunboat must stand ready to quell every twenty striking students!

THE ACTIVITIES OF THE BARNES FOUNDATION at Philadelphia are characterized by a kind of zeal which is rarely found outside of those familiar fields where money or morals is the object of pursuit. Many men want wealth, and many others want to reform the manners of their contemporaries. Not so many want to revolutionize current methods of teaching art. Mr. Albert C. Barnes, head of the foundation and famous over the world as the collector of the modern paintings which are kept there, is so struck by the feebleness of aesthetic instruction in America that he has embarked upon a crusade to reestablish contact between art and the discussion of art. His procedure is abrupt enough, and his criticism of schools and colleges has never been short of thorough; but apparently it is taking effect. In the monthly *Journal of the Barnes Foundation*, two numbers of which have appeared, Mr. Barnes and his associates now have an organ for the free expression of their program. They use its pages not only to develop their theories of art and the teaching of art, and incidentally to criticize their contemporaries in the latter field, but also—since their insistence is always upon the value of cases—to analyze specific paintings and sculptures to be seen at the foundation and elsewhere. The *Journal* promises to strike a good many sparks from the flint of convention; it may write a new chapter in the history of American education.

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The St. Paul and the Pennsylvania

THE disadvantages of private ownership of railroads have never been so clearly illustrated as in the failure of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. Here was a railroad which grew in sixty years from a line of 105 miles of track to a system embracing 11,000 miles, with a capitalization of no less than $800,000,000. It had long been pointed to as a model railroad, one which not only demonstrated the benefits of competition but proved conclusively the superiority of private ownership to public. Did it not run the finest trains to the Pacific Coast of any of the transcontinental lines? Was it not a pioneer in electrifying a large portion of its main line, thus doing away with soot and cinders? Did it not at one time pay 17 per cent on its preferred stock, and did not that stock in 1908 cost as much as $218 a share? For a few years afterward the St. Paul stock was regarded, like the New Haven railroad's, as the safest kind of investment for the widow, the orphan, the college, and the hospital. The fact that great capitalists like the Harknesses, the Rockefellers, and the Armours were in the management, or were conspicuous owners of securities, was proof that men of this type could still take time from their other enterprises to give to the American public a perfect railroad, free from any of the faults laid by cranky professors and wild-eyed reformers at the doors of private ownership of transportation lines.

Now, after years of this management, the St. Paul has achieved the greatest corporation bankruptcy in history and has gone into the hands of receivers under circumstances which lead conservative dailies like the New York *Evening Post* to call loudly for a far-reaching government inquiry to establish the facts—with sublime unconsciousness of the humor of a situation in which the most violent opposers of any government control or supervision beg the Government to tell them what crookedness some of their own kind have been up to in their entirely too private conduct of a railway. The *Evening Post* does, however, see that this collapse carries with it "dangerous political, industrial, and economic threats"—that is, the threat that the Government may decide to move still further in the direction of limiting private control of public transportation lines and may even decide to own these railroads in the interest of truth and honesty and in order to prevent the further mulcting of stockholders who in good faith have invested their funds in railroad stock. The *Evening Post* realizes that this failure is bound further to estrange the East from the West and to increase the restlessness of the farmers of the Northwest, whose very existence depends upon the sound and economical management of a few roads like the St. Paul.

Now we do not propose today to assess the blame, if any, to be meted out to the railroad officials or bankers concerned. We would only point out some odd aspects of the case which require explanation. The bankruptcy was due to the approaching maturity of $46,000,000 of bonds. Had it been possible to refund these the road could, apparently, have gone on. The Interstate Commerce Commission was approached, and expressed its readiness to aid. After the first informal conference the St. Paul officials did not return to the commission to pursue the matter; they left this source of immediate financial help untouched. Again, they did not take the stockholders into their confidence and ask for their support in the refunding operation. Those stockholders—or their predecessors—have received great benefits from the St. Paul. According to Professor William Z. Ripley, $100,000,000 of capital stock was put forth for nothing, and the Puget Sound Company, which undertook an extension to the Pacific when taken over by the St. Paul later, valued its corporate estate at $269,000,000 although there had been a cash outlay of only $155,000,000. It would seem as if it would only have been necessary to appeal to the stockholders to save their investments to have brought about an immediate and hearty response. As for the allegations that, as in the case of the New Haven railroad, favored insiders in the St. Paul, notably a son-in-law of a former president, have made enormous profits, those are things that must be proved or disproved before the proper authorities. The fact remains that extremely ugly rumors are afloat.

Nor are the four reasons for the failure given by the managers sufficient to explain the disaster or to hush the cries that what we are witnessing is another railroad reorganization out of which the insiders will make fortunes. These reasons are: The competition of the Panama Canal; the depressed agricultural and business conditions of the last few years and the menacing motor-vehicle competition; large increases in the cost of labor, materials, and taxes without a corresponding increase in the volume of traffic; and the absence of surplus earnings to apply to repairs and betterment. It will be noted that all of these unfavorable conditions apply to the other roads operating in the Northwest but that those railroads have not gone into the hands of receivers—the Great Northern sees an excellent year ahead. It is therefore likely to narrow down to a question of whether there has been honest and efficient management.

At this very moment Senator James Couzens of Michigan has vigorously attacked the management of the Pennsylvania Railroad, whose net operating income for 1924 showed a loss of $4,000,000 as contrasted with that of 1923. For this the president, Samuel Rea, who is about to retire because of age, laid the blame upon the Presidential election, besides citing those familiar excuses, "the long-continued period of destructive legislation and regulation" and "the European war." Senator Couzens points out that it is five years since Congress passed the Transportation Act, to the avowed joy of the railroads, and nearly seven years since the ending of the war. He is also so unkind as to analyze operating costs, locomotive-inspection reports, and accidents, in comparison with similar statistics of other railroads, to prove his point that the "Pennsylvania Railroad has been running down for some time and is not the great railroad that it was." There can be no question of this in view of the fact that the operating expense of the Pennsylvania in 1924 was 80.2 per cent of the gross income while that of the Baltimore and Ohio was 77 per cent and that of the New York Central 75.6 per cent. Had the Pennsylvania as much efficiency as the New York Central, its net income would have increased $30,000,000. Moreover, its stupid and unenlightened treatment of employees has cost the railroad many millions of dollars in the last few years. It is time for a change in management.

We have stated the case of these railroads at some length because of the persistent allegations by defenders of

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the existing management of railroads that all the old evils have gone forever, that no such looting or such losses could take place again as happened in the case of the Rock Island and the New Haven, and that the control over the railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission would prevent any further mulcting of stockholders or mismanagement. We have no hesitation in saying that as long as the present system of private management lasts such happenings as those we have recorded will continue. Yet the stockholders of these great corporations still permit themselves to be deluded into the belief that government ownership would be worse. They are quite ready to forget that between 1894 and 1923 700 American railroads went bankrupt.

Again the Farmer

SOMEBODY is always talking about the farmer; somebody is always insisting—especially in the cities—that "something must be done" for the relief of the distressed agriculturist. But not one in ten of these champions of the farmer knows what deep water he is wading in or has anything but the most unsubstantial palliatives to offer. And if a program sufficiently fundamental to promise any genuine change were evolved, he would fly from it as from the Black Death.

Frank O. Lowden, formerly Governor of Illinois, talked on the farmer the other night. It was a characteristic talk of its kind in that it took place at a banquet in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City, and the hearers were prosperous individuals in evening dress connected with the advertising business of American newspapers. Mr. Lowden advocated cooperative organization among the farmers as a way out of the woods. Fine! We are for cooperation too—but with an awareness that it is a slow movement which, even where adopted, can for many years bridge only part of the gulf between producer and consumer. Also, we are aware that long before it gets within reaching distance of bridging that gulf it will have begun so to menace the profit system in industry that nine out of ten of those who applauded Mr. Lowden will be tooth and nail against cooperation.

The American farmer is suffering from at least two major ailments: overcapitalized land and an inferior standard of living. Too many farmers have prospered in the past by selling land rather than farm products. The late Henry C. Wallace, when Secretary of Agriculture, estimated that the market value of farm land in the Middle West was 42 to 56 per cent higher in 1920 than if the net cash rent of the boom year 1919 had been capitalized at the current rate of interest on first mortgages. Today the farmer has been unreasonably deflated. He gets less for an equivalent expenditure of labor, skill, and intelligence than any other considerable group in the country. A study by Cornell University indicates that in 1923—when agriculture had recovered materially from the depression of 1921—the purchasing power of the income of farmers in New York was only 29 per cent of what it had been in 1914.

The farmer's life cannot be improved sufficiently to make farming again attractive except at the expense—relatively if not arithmetically—of more favored groups in the community. Are Mr. Lowden and those who applauded him ready for this?

Legalizing Robbery

THE decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the Chemical Foundation case makes it apparent that the United States lost in the war far more than fifty billions of cash and 200,000 men. If the decision, concurred in by three judges, stands, it is evident that the United States has lost in financial integrity and in moral standards. The court sustains a transaction by which at one fell swoop 4,500 patents, admittedly worth many million dollars, were sold to private chemical interests, under an ingenious scheme known as the Chemical Foundation, for $50 each. Not only were the owners thus robbed and their property handed over to private industrialists, but the United States Government was robbed of enormous taxable assets. The deal was accomplished by arrangement between Messrs. Palmer and Garvan, as public officials, and the chemical interests. Mr. Garvan resigned as Alien Property Custodian and became president of the Chemical Foundation.

The court says that the statute permitted the deal, and that President Wilson, the great advocate of peace through war and of leagues and world courts, expressly authorized the admittedly confiscatory transaction and, we may add, the resulting legal or moral anarchy. In order to lay a moral foundation for its decision, the court resorts to the device of showing that some of the German investment in the United States was dangerous. It calls attention to a lumber company in Florida as possessing "the nearest harbor to the Panama Canal"; it says that the Germans by their preeminence in chemistry had controlled many basic chemical patents valuable for the United States in "the next war." It must be remembered that the whole transaction took place in 1919, after the Armistice, when the only purpose was the satisfaction of private greed. It seemed an easy way to get something for nothing, with the protective mantle of public officials.

The court admits that the Trading with the Enemy Act was originally a statute for *conservation* of the property, and that President Wilson announced that "there was no thought of a confiscation or dissipation of property thus held in trust." To sustain the confiscation of the chemical patents, the court is obliged to hold that by the amendment of March, 1918, the Alien Property Custodian ceased to be a "common-law trustee." As John Bassett Moore says:

> There came a special revelation, marvelously brilliant but perhaps not divinely inspired, of the staggering discovery that the foreign traders and manufacturers whose property had been taken over had made their investments in the United States not from ordinary motives of profit but in pursuance of a hostile design, so stealthily pursued that it had never before been detected or even suspected, but so deadly in its effects that the American traders and manufacturers were eventually to be engulfed in their own homes and the alien plotters left in grinning possession of the ground. Under the spell engendered by this agitating apparition, and its patriotic call to a retributive but profitable war on the malefactors' property, substantial departures were made from the principle of trusteeship.

This moral fraud the court sanctifies. It holds, however, as it must to sustain so barefaced a confiscation, that the power of sale conferred by the amendment of March, 1918 (requested by Mr. Palmer on the ground that he did not wish to make profits for absent owners), superseded his

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powers as a trustee, though the statute says "in addition to" his powers as a trustee. Hence motives which for a trustee are important become irrelevant. To avoid the necessity of a fair price a private sale by the President, presumably for "higher" motives, was authorized. That sellers and buyers were the same persons seems to the court unimportant, in view of the "patriotic" nature of the transaction. This "patriotic" note runs through the decision.

To us the decision and the specious and hypocritical reasoning which sustains it represent moral obloquy. Ex-Secretary Hughes has said:

> A confiscatory policy strikes not only at the interest of particular individuals but at the foundations of international intercourse, for it is only on the basis of the security of property, validly possessed under the laws existing at the time of its acquisition, that the conduct of activities in helpful cooperation is possible.

After this decision, to lecture Russia on the confiscation of private property must bring a blush of embarrassment to any Secretary of State. The elementary principle of international law which insures in all circumstances the integrity of private property has, if this decision is to be the law, been permanently undermined by the United States, the great crusader for "democracy" and decency in international relations. Our promises to the owners when the property was taken over are stamped as worthless.

A few men should not thus be permitted to drag the integrity and policy of the United States in the mud. It will constitute a permanent injury to the nation, for this further substitution of force for law will gradually undermine our domestic as it has already impaired our foreign policy. We agree with Attorney General Stone that if public officials and private industry can "get away with" so shady and preposterous a transaction as the Chemical Foundation scheme "it will be a dark day for the Republic." It is not conceivable to us that the United States Supreme Court will find it possible morally or legally to sustain such a transaction.

Proving Atlantis

THE legend of Atlantis is at least as old as Plato, and there is reason for believing it to be thousands of years older. For perhaps fifty centuries—or, if Plato's account in the "Timaeus" be taken literally, for a hundred and twenty centuries—men dwelling on the continents which bound the Atlantic Ocean have persisted in speaking with more or less credulity of the island-continent that once rose proudly out of the sea beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Before the beginning of recorded history a vast cataclysm occurred: Atlantis sank from sight; and only the peaks of its mountains were left in mid-ocean mist to testify as islands—the Canaries, the Azores, Madeira—to its former existence. Few traditions have lived a richer life in man's imagination than this one of the fabled land where, out of contact with all known peoples, a great race of warriors and philosophers flourished in peculiar perfection until the salt, indifferent waves washed over them.

For it was chiefly to the ideal imagination—the portion of the mind which prefers to believe the impossible just because it is impossible—that the dream of Atlantis appealed. Out of the mist of the mid-Atlantic rose conceptions of continents even if no continent was ever there—or perhaps because none ever was there. The habit of supposing that a land is beautiful and good in proportion to its strangeness and remoteness is immemorial. Tacitus entertained his Roman audience with pictures of a perfect German society beyond the Alps; and the history of European notions about America—a history still incomplete—is largely a history of ideal error explainable on the ground that, the actual America remaining unknown, an America satisfactory to Europe's desire must in the nature of things usurp its place. So Plato occupied Atlantis with his mind, colonizing it as a perfect city-state. So the Middle Ages, inheriting the legend not only from Arabian geographers but from many popular sources, made Atlantis over into a world of dream beyond the waters. Then flourished the Isles of the Blest, the Fortunate Isles, Avalon, Antilia the Isle of the Seven Cities, and St. Brendan's Island toward which the saints set sail. Sir Francis Bacon named his ideal commonwealth the New Atlantis. And even now, when the map of the earth is a more or less final thing, there must be numerous persons who fly in the face of facts and construct for their fancy the identical shining ramparts and mountains and temples and helmeted men which lighted the mind of Plato. Such persons in all likelihood are young; and doubtless they take some pains to conceal their superstition from elders whose geography is without a flaw. Who shall deny that their contempt for facts is pardonable in this instance?

They probably are none too grateful to the sober antiquarians who of late have been attempting to establish Atlantis as a fact. In the last century Ignatius Donnelly caused some stir with a book in which he sought to prove that the island-continent actually existed once and was the source through colonization of all the civilizations with which our history begins. He is followed now by Lewis Spence, whose "Problem of Atlantis," though it is perhaps no sounder in the main than Donnelly's volume, marshals a greater array of testimony and fact out of the researches of reputable scientists. The array will be nothing short of alarming to poets who hitherto have considered the idea of Atlantis to be precious because it was unsubstantial. Evidence is brought forward from oceanography, from biology, and from ethnology to prove that a land-mass must have occupied the middle of the Atlantic during some thousands of years. On no other hypothesis, insists Mr. Spence, can one account for the identity between the earthworms of the Atlantic islands and the earthworms of North Africa, between the orchids of the Canaries and the orchids of Central America. Whence except from Atlantis, he asks, could have come the Cro-Magnon civilization which so suddenly appeared in Europe and in so short a time dominated it? And what of the fact that soundings taken along the Atlantic ocean-bed during the past twenty-five years have shown changes in elevation of as much as two and a quarter miles—and this, too, precisely in that region where Atlantis is assumed to have reared its lovely head? There is ample reason to believe, says Mr. Spence, that "the ocean-bed of the Atlantic has risen and sunk not once but many times in the course of geological history."

There is ample reason at any rate for poets to grow depressed. Atlantis is in danger of being proved, and settled with natives who have diseases, and mapped by geographers who fail to record that on the tips of any of the mountains there ever shone the golden light of a lost perfection.

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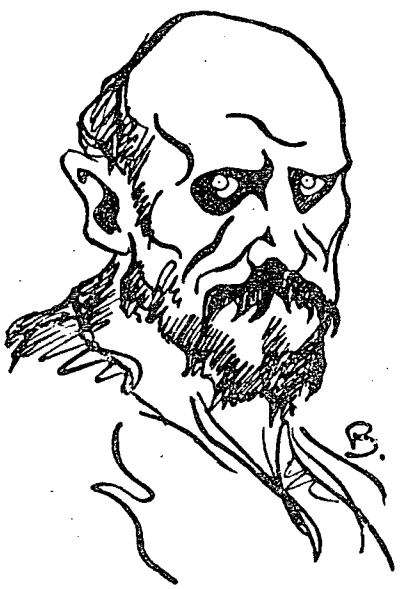
Bulgaria and the Balkans

By PAUL ROWLAND

BULGARIA has just passed through another attack of Balkanitis. The worst seems to be over for the moment, but the disease is chronic. The "pacification" of the country by the Tsankoff Government is no more than a poultice externally applied. The deep-seated causes of the disease have scarcely been touched, much less cured. The official diagnosis is "fever caused by the red germ *Communismus muscovus*." Taking advantage of our general ignorance of Balkan matters we are asked to believe that this is a complete description of the Bulgarian ailment. That the red germ *has* been at work there can be no doubt. It finds lodgment in every organism whose resistance is low. And Bulgaria defeated, dismembered, disarmed, isolated, with half a million refugees thrust upon her charity, when her own population finds it difficult enough to pay reparations and live, offers the ideal condition for the injection of germs.



From the *Rote Hilfe*, Berlin

Premier Tsankoff

In every Bulgarian crisis a useful formula is "Cherchez la Macédonie." The denial of independence to the Macedonian people is one of the prime causes of the chronic disorders in the Balkans. Here are about two million people—the majority Bulgarian-speaking—who, having been freed from the Turkish yoke, today find themselves under the still more grievous yoke of their "liberators." They ask nothing more than the right to govern themselves and live their own lives. The Allied victory, which was to grant self-determination to every distinct and aspiring nationality, brought forth in due time the Treaty of Neuilly, which only confirmed the parceling out of Macedonia between Serbia and Greece. The Serbs have proceeded to Serbize their portion by prohibiting the use of the native tongue (Bulgarian) in school, church, and press. Meanwhile they assure the world that Serbian Macedonia is inhabited by Serbs! The wish is father to the lie.

But unfortunately for the success of this hoax, the Macedonians are a proud, mountain race, thirsting for liberty and quite ready to die to achieve it. Since Bulgarian is the mother-tongue of most of them, they naturally look to Bulgaria for encouragement and asylum. And that is how, unintentionally perhaps, they have more than once involved Bulgaria in difficulties and thus injured their best friend. It is more than probable that the Peasant Premier Stambuliski hastened his downfall by antagonizing the powerful Macedonian revolutionary organization as well as the pro-Macedonian elements in the Bulgarian army. Stambuliski leaned over backwards in his desire to satisfy Serbian demands for the suppression of border raids by Macedonian bands. By his whole-hearted cooperation with Jugoslavia in this respect, and his arrests of prominent Macedonians in Bulgaria, he incurred the bitter enmity of the revolutionary organization, which marked him for "elimination."

Again, the long series of twoscore political assassinations which have taken place on Bulgarian soil since Todor Alexandroff, the great Macedonian leader, was murdered last August can be traced to the fierce feud which then arose between the two factions—pro-Communist and anti-Communist—in the Macedonian revolutionary organization. Finally, the half million refugees in Bulgaria today—mostly from Macedonia—are a fruitful field for Communist and other agitators. Thus, without intending it—probably trying to prevent it—the Macedonians have been a source of almost constant agitation and unrest in Bulgaria, and inevitably inject their own intense interests into every political situation there. The Bulgarians may well pray: "From our dear, downtrodden cousins, whom we love and whom we would save if we could, good Lord, deliver us!" There is no hope for lasting peace, either in Bulgaria or in the Balkans, until this crying wrong has been righted, and the Macedonians granted their legitimate demand for autonomy.

A second underlying cause of the present pathological condition of Bulgaria dates back to the violent overthrow of the Stambuliski Agrarian regime by the army clique on June 9, 1923, and the repressive measures of the Tsankoff Government then set up. It is necessary briefly to recall the services of the Agrarian premier and the place which he held in the hearts of the 4,000,000 peasants, who form 80 per cent of Bulgaria's population. It is well known how Stambuliski vigorously opposed the entry of Bulgaria into the World War and how he told King Ferdinand to his face that if he led Bulgaria in on the side of Central Powers he would certainly lose his throne and probably his head. In this, as in most of his subsequent acts, Stambuliski showed that shrewd, native common sense which stood him in good stead during the three and a half years of his administration. Released from jail at the armistice, Stambuliski formed a coalition cabinet and went to Paris to sign the none too tender or just Treaty of Neuilly. He showed himself a good sport when, after registering a formal protest against the injustice of the treaty, he signed it and said that Bulgaria would live up to it. Which she has done.

From the *Peasant Banner*, Vienna

King Boris

Stambuliski's foreign policy could not have been bettered. He established friendly relations with Bulgaria's neighbors, especially with Jugoslavia, gained the confidence of the Great Powers, led Bulgaria into the League of Nations, and persuaded the Allies to reduce the reparations bill from $445,000,000, payable in thirty-seven years, to $100,000,000, payable in sixty years. In domestic affairs he

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was not uniformly successful. Financial measures were bungled. He treated the city population with scant courtesy and open contempt. He tinkered with the election laws, enabling the Agrarians to capture 212 seats out of 245 in the elections of May, 1923, when they were entitled by rights to only about 180. Continued power plainly went to his head toward the end of his career and led him to ride rough-shod over the rights of the opposition. Yet his achievements in the domestic field are impressive. Those responsible for the war were punished; likewise war profiteers. Prohibitive duties were placed on luxuries. The justly famous Compulsory Labor Law was put into operation. Bulgaria's educational system was radically modified more nearly to fit the national needs, in a way to call forth the hearty admiration of certain leading American educators.*

Small wonder that while Stambuliski was cordially detested by the urban intelligentsia, he was idolized by the peasant masses. Therefore, when the "Democratic" forces, with the aid of the army, overthrew the Agrarian Government, killed its leader, and crushed the party with approved military ruthlessness, the peasants went back to their fields, foiled but not defeated. The exiled and imprisoned Agrarian leaders have never accepted the military coup as final, nor ceased to consider the Tsankoff Government as having usurped the power unconstitutionally. The Agrarian Party, though crushed to earth, has risen again, and its entirely legitimate and moderate aims may be read in the recent Manifesto of its central committee (printed on page 545 of this issue of *The Nation*).

It may be stated as an axiom that Bulgaria cannot be stable unless the Agrarians are either in the saddle or are cooperating with the government in power. That is the best hope, not only for a satisfied peasantry, but also for peaceful and friendly relations between Bulgaria and her neighbors.

As for the present Tsankoff Government, the less said the better. It was fathered by the Officers' League, born in violence, and nurtured on the sword. Its attempt in June, and again in September, 1923 to crush the Agrarians and Communists by massacre was such as to sadden and alienate some of Bulgaria's best friends. It will not be surprising if, when the full story of the recent disturbances comes through, we find that the "regrettable excesses" committed by the military in "restoring order" equal or surpass their record of 1923.

The Tsankoff Government had foreseen this uprising and protected itself by legalizing extreme measures in the remarkable Defense of the State Act promulgated last March (printed on page 544). If Tsankoff possessed sufficient humor and courage to make this act retroactive for two years, he would, according to Article 2, have to sentence himself, his ministers, and the army chiefs to "strict imprisonment of not less than ten years and a fine of 50,000 of 200,000 levs" for complicity in their "violent seizure of power" on June 9, 1923. There can be no lasting peace in Bulgaria—and hence in the Balkans—so long as its government, no matter how intelligent, patriotic, and sincere, rules by violence and with scant regard to the vital interests of 80 per cent of the population.

From the *Peasant Banner*

General Lazaroff

The Communists have certainly been active in the recent disorders. The "absolutely secret" plans for an uprising on April 15 (claimed to have been drawn up in Moscow and captured by the Bulgarian police) published in the semi-official *La Bulgarie* on April 4, 6, 8, and 9 and reprinted in this country, may prove to be forgeries. But they are the sort of thing the Comintern (the Communist International) is capable of doing. Nor must we forget that there *are* a number of bona fide Communists in Bulgaria. (Their number is estimated at 50,000.) Their party has been outlawed and their leaders killed, but that makes them all the more desperate. Before they were outlawed they held several seats in the National Assembly and limited themselves in the main to constitutional methods.

The writer lived from 1920 to 1923 in a small Bulgarian town predominantly Communist. They were indefatigable paraders, singers, and propagandists. They marched in their red shirts, *à la Russe*, the youth, with hatchets stuck in their belts. They sang the "Internationale" interminably, and organized picnics for their children and night schools for their young people. Though their bark was somewhat terrifying, their bite was quite harmless. But now that they are crushed and driven underground, it is another story altogether. They have become a harassed band of desperadoes, easily lending themselves to plots and hesitating at nothing in their blind striking back at their enemies. It is the old story of violence breeding more violence.

The Communists, then, are a factor, but only one of four factors in the present situation. The other three are more fundamental. We need to remember the Macedonian revolutionary movement, inextricably bound up with every political situation in Bulgaria in recent years. We should not overlook the "come back" of the Agrarian Party since 1923, still in the opposition but representing the viewpoint and interests of probably three-quarters of the population. And finally, there is the present reactionary and military Tsankoff Government. Its responsibility is heavy—heavier even than that of the Communists, the exiled Agrarian leaders, the Macedonians, or the Serbian Government, on whom it has attempted to unload the blame.

Everything indicates that the situation will remain unstable and unsatisfactory until certain fundamental remedies are applied. Without them the peace not only of Bulgaria but of the whole Balkan peninsula remains in jeopardy.

Let the Macedonians be granted the autonomy they demand. Let the Macedonian refugees in Bulgaria be repatriated. Let the League of Nations more vigorously defend the rights of minorities throughout the Balkans. Give Bulgaria the economic outlet to the Ægean which the Treaty of Neuilly promised her. End the international isolation of Bulgaria by taking her into the Little Entente or into a South Slav or Danubian Confederation. Something like a federated states of the Balkans should be possible if the jingoists, militarists, and imperialists in each of those countries could somehow be cast into outer darkness and the will of the people of the Balkans—which means the peasants—be allowed to prevail.

* See "Schools in Bulgaria," by Professor William F. Russell of Columbia University.

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Overcrowding in Women's Colleges*

By WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

IN men's and women's colleges alike, the years following the close of the war saw an extraordinary increase in the number of applicants for admission to the colleges and universities of the United States. The explanations suggested for this increase applied for the most part only to the men, and the fact that there were two distinct phenomena to be dealt with is becoming more apparent as the rate of increase in men's colleges is apparently subsiding while in the women's colleges it is keeping up. It is doubtful if the greater pressure upon the women's colleges had much direct relation to the war. The temporary enlistment of women in many activities formerly monopolized by men may have stimulated the growing taste for a career outside the home, and so have led more girls to seek more education. But in the great majority of cases the explanation lies elsewhere.

For the last half century the attitude of society toward the college-bred woman had been gradually altering. The members of the early classes of Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith were adventurous souls with a burning thirst for knowledge which gave them courage to defy convention. Even had they not gone in for higher academic training, most of them would probably have stood out from the mass of their contemporaries by virtue of their intellectual curiosity and their strength of purpose. The trail they blazed became a path and then a highway; those who throng it are no longer exceptional spirits but merely the run of our brighter youth, and the needed qualities are merely good ability and some industry. The spirit of the pioneer is no longer in question. During the last few years the remaining prejudices against the college woman, whether held by young men or old ladies, have been rapidly disappearing, and from the social point of view the path to college is rapidly becoming the line of least resistance.

The results of this change in attitude are obviously partly good and partly bad. If the education the colleges give is worth having, its wider diffusion ought to make for a higher level in general culture. We humbly trust that it does. On the other hand, the internal problem of the college is profoundly changed when we pass from the period of a handful of earnest seekers after wisdom to that of hordes who go to college because it is the thing to do or because "college life" is alluring or because it is a bore to stay at home. The earnest seekers are still with us, more numerous than ever; but care has to be taken lest the problem of the more frivolous may lead to the adoption of methods and attitudes that deprive of their due the class for whom the colleges originally came into being.

The question before us, however, is not that raised by more students, but by more students than we can take. Most of the women's colleges of the East have been forced to restrict their numbers, sometimes because of the limitations of their equipment and housing accommodation, sometimes because they believe that further increase would destroy the unity of spirit which has seemed to them one of their greatest assets. This has led to wholesale exclusions. Last September several colleges were forced to refuse about as many as they admitted, and the majority of these rejected candidates possessed school records which would have admitted them six years ago. It is inevitable that they and their parents should want to know why they are denied educational opportunities which were freely extended to their elder sisters who were no abler or better equipped. And the further question is bound to be raised more and more as to whether, if selection is inevitable, the means of selection are the soundest possible.

It is hardly to be disputed that opportunities limited in number ought to go to those best fitted to take advantage of them. Considerations of wealth, social standing, or family connections with the college can only be admitted at the cost of intellectual degeneracy and the loss of democracy. Our business, then, is to devise means of selection which will pick the material most worth educating, and few not intimately concerned with this process know what skill and conscience and breadth of mind are devoted to the assembling and assessing of the relevant data. There is much evidence to show that the present methods of examination and school records do to a remarkable degree serve to predict the probable success of a student, especially in the earlier years of her college course. Nor are the present entrance examinations unduly severe or perceptibly increasing in severity. No larger proportion of candidates is failing to pass; only a larger proportion is failing to be admitted, because we have been forced to move to a competitive basis. Hundreds of candidates are excluded, not because they fail but because others do better.

This is an explanation of the situation, not a justification. The problem remains of what to do about those who are excluded though unquestionably able enough to go on.

One answer is that they ought to go to State universities, and many do. These institutions seem to be regarded as capable of indefinite expansion, and indeed their peculiar virtues lie in a wide and free provision of as great a variety of disciplines as the needs of each State seem to demand. There is little attempt to undertake on behalf of their women students the intimate and intensive nurture aimed at in the Eastern women's colleges, so that limitation of numbers is less important. Because many people value the more guarded institutions and do not care to expose their daughters to the freer and perhaps more bracing atmosphere of the coeducational institutions this answer cannot be taken as final.

It is clear that sooner or later, and the sooner the better, we must have more colleges. In saying this I by no means imply that we ought to go on duplicating our existing institutions, however defensible or even admirable some of these may be. There is an important qualification to be added to what has been said in justification of our present methods of selection. I believe them, indeed, to be fairly adequate for the purpose for which they are used, that is, the testing of how far a student has been able to take advantage of her preparatory school course and of how likely she is to do well in college studies, especially of the conventional freshman year. But it is evident that these

* This article will be followed by a further discussion of the problems raised by the pressure on the women's colleges.

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things are not the same as the capacity for higher education. They are higher education conceived in very narrow and specific terms. In actual practice, in the type of institution we are mainly dealing with, they imply among other things a fairly substantial capacity and accomplishment in the study of language and mathematics. One does not bring into question the cultural or practical value of these disciplines when one points out that many able and active minds are ill adapted to one or both of them. Such able and active minds are, in the present situation, likely to be found in large numbers among the candidates excluded from the women's colleges each autumn. Since their earlier scholastic records, because of the uncongenial nature of many of their studies, are not likely to be brilliant, the conclusion is likely to be drawn by their parents that they are poor students, and the project of sending them to college is dropped. Yet later they may easily develop into beneficent members of the community, active for the beautiful as well as the good, yet probably achieving less than they might have done had their academic education been carried farther.

Had we not been overtaken by the present flood of applicants, had the rate of increase remained what it was in the decade before the war, it would have been the duty of the colleges to differentiate the requirements for entrance as well as the courses in college to meet the needs of a greater variety of talent. Such differentiation has taken place to a considerable degree in many men's colleges, and to a less degree in the higher courses in the women's colleges, but the latter have mostly kept the entrance narrowed by the linguistic and mathematical requirements mentioned. As things stand today, it might seem a wiser economy to leave the existing institutions to maintain their traditional type of liberal education, with whatever changes in content and method might result from the continuous process of controlled experiment and criticism that is the condition of their vitality, and to try the bolder innovations of changes in the main centers of interest and new groupings of subjects in new institutions created for the purpose. Those who have had experience with the conservatism of college faculties will see other reasons for this policy.

It is not the purpose of this article to plan curricula for such new institutions, and perhaps the proposal will find readier response if each reader is allowed to frame his own. But a few more specific suggestions may be ventured. One reason why art schools and conservatories do not fill the need of the rejected candidates is that in addition to the lack of "college life" in its various senses, of the prestige of the A. B. degree, and of other still more negligible yet attractive features of the college, they do not supply a sufficiently broad cultural background. But there is no reason why music or fine art should not be given in a new college such a central position as a subject like the classics enjoys in the traditional institution, and be enriched and supported by history, literature, aesthetics, philosophy, psychology, and physical science. If the entrance tests were adapted so as to insure the entrants' having the natural capacity for these studies, or a sufficient number of them, we could have a curriculum as thorough in its discipline and as liberal in its effects as those with which we are familiar. For women, especially, who are usually so much more concerned in after life with the arts, such a grouping would be particularly appropriate. Or again, considering the tendency of women to occupy themselves with social betterment, the social sciences might in another case be made central, and appropriate subjects grouped round them. I know of one experiment now in the making where the subjects that concern themselves with a woman's functions as head of a household and a member of the community are made central, but are treated with such breadth of outlook and enrichment of background that an admirable education results.

These suggestions are merely tentative. The important point is that the opportunity of differentiation to be afforded by the inevitable founding of new colleges be seen and considered in time. For the new colleges are bound to come. It is inconceivable that a country as wealthy as this, with the practice of private benefaction for educational purposes so well established, can allow thousands of able and well-prepared girls to be balked every year in their aspirations for higher education.

The present system, in spite of a widespread belief to the contrary, is not developing either intellectual snobs or anemic blue-stockings. The college woman was never less cloistered, never so well developed physically, never more normal and healthy than she is today. But she is being selected on too narrow a basis, and being given advantages which are often denied to her no less able but somewhat different sister.

The Population Question*

By JOHN A. HOBSON

IT may seem strange at first sight that a war, which has caused the death of so many millions by murder, starvation, and disease, should be followed by so deep and widespread a fear among economists of overpopulation. A little reflection, however, serves to dispel the paradox. For in most European countries the physical and financial damage to agriculture, on the one hand, and the check upon emigration, on the other, have given poignant reality to the Malthusian proposition of a growth of population faster than the growth of food.

This, however, is, after all, but a minor, though extremely tragic, aspect of the wider menace upon which so much attention is focused. A generation ago writers like the late Charles Pearson drew lurid pictures of the black and yellow peoples multiplying at so fast a rate as to threaten at no distant future the submergence of the stationary or declining whites. The falling birth-rate in certain white countries caused Mr. Roosevelt and other alarmists to coin the scareword "race suicide."

But, though birth control has, since the seventies of last century, been continually spreading over larger sections of the populations of the Western World, it is to the excessive growth of the white population that Malthusian statisticians now point as endangering the future of humanity. Mr. East, in his alarming work "Mankind at the Crossroads," computes that, whereas the population of the world has doubled within the last century, that of peoples of European stocks has more than trebled. This does not signify, however, that the immediate pressure is greater for the white stocks. For "the sparsely populated countries are under the complete control of Europeans or of

* This is the fifth in a series of articles by Mr. Hobson on modern economic problems. The first four, appearing in *The Nation* for March 18, April 1, April 15, and April 29, were entitled: The Cry for Productivity, The Limited Market, "Socialism" in Britain and America, and The Gold Standard. A sixth article will conclude the series.

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their descendants." It is thus the teeming populations of China, India, and Japan that must find themselves cramped most in their need for expansion, and are likely at no distant time to seek forcible admission into the more sparsely occupied white countries, unless a general limitation of white population is accompanied by a cession of unoccupied white territory to colored immigration, a policy of which we find as yet no signs.

It becomes, indeed, evident that there are, not one, but four population questions, according as the matter is regarded from the standpoint of the world, race, nation, or family.

Just as it seems feasible that the narrowest setting of the problem, size of family, can be solved by the enlightened self-interest of parents, so it may appear that a national solution, or even a racial solution, at any rate for white peoples, might emerge from a personally conducted policy of birth control. What France, as a nation, has done, other nations might do. Britain is on the way to this achievement with some temporary aid from emigration. Professor Bowley estimates that "with the present rate of births, deaths, and emigration the population of Great Britain would increase to 45 or 46 millions about 1941 and then diminish." White Western nations of Europe are all moving in this direction, and there is reason to believe that their offspring in the new countries they have occupied are, with certain racial and religious exceptions, limiting their birth-rate. Everywhere cities are absorbing a growing share of the total population and in city life birth control is rapidly extending.

Why, then, it may be said, this excessive alarm? Setting aside for the moment the risks of an unlimited expansion of Asiatics and Africans, there remain within the white race itself different strains to which our biologists and sociologists give different human values. So the quantitative problem is crossed by a qualitative. It is the valuable Nordic strain, we are told, that is being rapidly bred out by birth control, war, and inadaptability to city life, and is replaced by inferior Alpine or Mediterranean stocks! It is not merely a question of certain Slavic or other "lower" European peoples refusing to control their population ratio, filling up their own countries, and seeking outlets into other lands. Inside each Western nation there is a similar displacement of superior "Nordics" by lower classes, incorporating inferior stocks. Both the world at large and each country is thus subjected to dysgenic selection. If things go as they are going, the world and most national areas will be overpopulated and worse populated. Birth control, as at present practiced, is too slow and too partial for an adequate remedy! Every nation has the same problem confronting it, though with a different time-focus and intensity. Everywhere there is a tendency toward overpopulation, even in countries where birth control is most effective. For reasonable man should not be content to breed up to a saturation-point, so as to plant upon each national area, as upon the world at large, the biggest population its resources enable it to keep alive.

Reason and humanity are concerned with quality of life. Our new Malthusians, therefore, make two related conditions for a right population policy, an "optimum" number and a eugenic selection. Not the largest number of any sort of people that can be clothed and housed, but the largest number of persons of good stock that can be maintained upon a high standard of life. In a word, Ruskin's ideal, "the largest number of happy and healthy human beings." When Ruskin preached this doctrine he was derided as a pretty sentimentalist. What shall we say of our biologists and sociologists who ask us to regulate the most potent instinct of organic life in favor of some "optimum"? Mr. Carr Saunders, who, in a work of great learning and argumentative skill, has given wide vogue to this concept of an "optimum" population, still seems to envisage his "optimum" in some reasonably close relation to means of physical subsistence. It is to be a ratio between number of inhabitants and available resources. Given your desirable standard of life, your population must be kept within the limit that will not let down that standard, i.e., must not come upon a law of diminishing returns to industry. Even so, the term "optimum" might be employed to defend a small population of supermen, as preferable to a larger number living on a level of ordinary plenty. It is, however, perhaps not fair thus to refine upon the meaning of a serviceable term. The test for an optimum population for a given country may reasonably conform to the test for an "optimum family," regarded from the standpoint of the net welfare of the family, i.e., such children as can be maintained without letting down the accepted class standard of comfort, perhaps with some allowance for betterment of material conditions. For a nation this optimum would mean a decent livelihood for the poorest section of the population, with some possibility of improvement. This need not, however, involve a close ratio between the population of a single country and its available natural resources, for this ignores the wider division of labor and distribution of products in the world. The optimum population of such a country as Britain might well exceed the number it could feed and clothe from its own natural resources alone, provided a sufficiently large surplus of its other product can be relied upon to make up by trade all deficiencies.

Only for those countries which, from necessity, pride, or sense of security, seek economic self-sufficiency can the population question figure as a ratio between inhabitants and national resources. China, Russia, and the United States come nearest to this situation, and might be disposed to regard birth control, immigration, and other population factors from a distinctly national standpoint.

But of these countries only the United States can be regarded as likely to develop a conscious policy of regulation. For only there does the concept of a standard of living, above bare physical necessities, figure in the general consciousness of all sections of the people. Nowhere else are the problems of birth control, hygiene, and immigration, on the one side, conservation and improved exploitation of natural resources, on the other, likely to be brought into the close correlation of a national policy, so far as such a policy is feasible in a people so deeply imbued in the spirit of purely private self-determination. For less than any other social problem can this ideal of an optimum national population be left to private enterprise for its solution. This is admitted so far as immigration is concerned. Here both quantitative and qualitative regulation is undertaken by the state. But on the major issue of the national growth of population far less seems possible. Improvements of hygiene with reduced mortality may, indeed, issue from public policy direct, but birth control remains, alike for quantity and quality, almost entirely a matter of personal policy.

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Education might do something to repress, or limit, undesirable parentage. But it cannot do much, for the simple reason that education has least hold just where it is most needed. A Spartan population policy is incompatible with modern civilization, and no eugenist, however sure of his prescriptions for an optimum population in quantity and kind, can hope to make any appreciable impression upon the composition of a nation.

This, it may be said, is too despondent a judgment. I would qualify it in two ways. First, there may be, probably is, some degree of natural harmony between the family optimum, which is for growing portions of civilized nations a conscious policy, and the true national optimum on the basis of current available resources and industrial arts. Secondly, the eugenists who insist that a continual degradation of quality is taking place, because the birth-rate and survival rate of the lower and less "worthy" classes and races are higher than those of "the better elements," have far weaker scientific supports for their bewailment than they claim. Their tests, alike for virtues and for defects, are naively egotistic and dogmatic, regarded from the standpoint of social fitness. So far as their class-distinctions are relied upon for tests of "fit stock," their arguments are flimsy. For, on the one hand, they identify personal worth with the capacity for success in the present competitive economic struggle, disregarding the finer qualities of head and heart that militate against this sort of success. On the other hand, they gravely overestimate the differentials of stock both for classes in the same people and for different races. In America, as also in the British dominions, there is grave danger in allowing these racial and interracial eugenists with their self-made standards and their inflamed, because ill-founded, generalizations to overrule the policies of freedom and equality that have hitherto been accepted as implications of democracy. The new aristocracy which self-assertive intellectualism would set up, for racial and class discrimination and valuation, may be as damaging to national life and as dangerous to humanity at large as the older oligarchies it claims to displace.

For behind all such policies of self-chosen peoples with their optimums of quantity and fitness stands the wider population question of a world with limited natural resources, and a population actually increasing at a faster rate than the rate at which certain of these necessary resources are made available. With every stimulus to discovery, development, and more economical utilization of world resources, it looks as if human fertility were recalcitrant to the establishment of any reliable policy of an optimum world population. With difficulty certain favored nations may maintain a national standard of life against the outside pressures of seething populations breeding on a bare subsistence level, and ever seeking to encroach upon the territories selfishly withheld from access by comparatively sparse occupants. Can such a situation be compatible with security and peace for civilized humanity? Or is the very existence of civilization, as we know it, dependent upon the attainment within a reasonable time limit of an internationalism capable of grappling with the population question in its world aspect? It may be that science, by the new liberation of some imprisoned natural energy, may win a respite long enough to enable the educative processes to bring the backward peoples up to the level of rational control demanded for such a world policy.

In the Driftway

LIKE some other rolling stones long since dug out of their native moss, the Drifter has ceased to attend the church to which he used to go. He believes that those same pews are there (though not so high) in which he nodded desperately through hot Sunday forenoons when the horse-chestnut blossoms spiked the blue sky outside. Probably little girls still flutter consciously down the aisles on Easter morning, hair ribbons (but, alas, are there any more hair ribbons?) a-quiver with pride of their new finery. He recalls church religion chiefly when a thoughtful relative rakes him in for one of the periodic family feasts. The more surprised he, therefore, when it bursts at him from the drab annals of commerce.

* * * * *

FOR the Federal Trade Commission, it seems, has been rocked on its foundations by an ethical question of beeswax candles made for Catholic mass. Or rather, the candles were only 11 per cent beeswax, instead of the 50 per cent supposed. Competitors called the deception to the attention of the commission, which investigated. The name of the candles was changed from "altar beeswax" to "white wax." Catholics were saved from an unknowing disobedience to the laws of the church and an unknowing disrespect to the sacrament and the mass. Three members of the commission voted to dismiss the complaint because the practice had been changed. Two said that the findings should be published anyway. "Only in this way," they declared, "will there come to be established in the business world a distinct esprit de corps which will at least make 'honesty the best policy.'" Apparently churchmen approved this minority view.

* * * * *

THE dilemma is as distressing as that of the Jewish host whose difficulties were reported in a recent New York newspaper. He ordered water ice for a marriage feast and ice cream was delivered instead. There had been meat; ice cream was contrary to the dietary laws. The mistake was not discovered until almost all the ice cream was eaten. Then many of the guests went home in rage; the host's business suffered; he sued the caterer. The intricate and subtle relations of business and religion will always, he fears, prove puzzling to THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Word About Macedonia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The American public was misled by some comments on recent events in Bulgaria. Some journalists interpreted the cathedral bombing and the killing of 160 persons as "the mutual misunderstandings existing between the two factions of the Macedonian organization, the Autonomists and the Federalists."

We flatly deny any participation of the Macedonian organization in the recent troubles and plottings in the country. At the same time we emphasize the fact that no split exists in the Macedonian organization. There is only one body called the Macedonian Internal Revolutionary Organization. The efforts of the Communist International to make this organization their tool by the murder of our great leader Todor Alexandroff were unsuccessful. In his place we have hundreds of young and enthusiastic Macedonians today, the majority of whom are stu-

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dents and teachers. The Macedonian Internal Revolutionary Organization punishes its traitors and never tries to hide the cause and authorship of its acts.

The group of Vienna "Federalists" who claim to labor for the Macedonian cause, and at the same time endeavor to present it to the world as a house divided against itself, are men of low and mean character, sentenced to death by the Macedonian Internal Revolutionary Organization for their crimes. They betray their country from Shtip and Vienna and receive money from Moscow, Belgrade, and Athens. In this way they only help the enemies of Macedonia. They have won the hatred of all Macedonian organizations in Europe and America.

New York, April 28 L. L. KISSELINTCHEFF,
Counselor of the Macedonian Political Organization of the U. S. A. and Canada

Prohibitive Laws

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Mrs. Elizabeth H. Tilton in your issue of April 8 supports the contention that prohibition is part of the general plan to reestablish the rule of Puritanism in the United States, other evidence of which is found in the revival of blue laws and attacks upon the theory of evolution. We perceive the old method of Puritanism, that is to make a law through a strong organization, regardless of the sentiments of the people in general, and then train or force them to adapt their customs to the law.

That same theory of government was advocated by Mohammed, Torquemada, and many other fanatics with initial success, but eventually people rebelled, and Omar Khayyam could praise wine without losing his head and Ibáñez has written with impunity about Spanish church rule.

The modern theory of government is that laws should express the views and customs of the people and that no law should have a place in the statutes which has not the full support of the people *at the time and place of its enactment*. In that view prohibition legislation is not justifiable, since it is opposed to the sentiment of the majority in many parts of our country and possibly in the country at large.

Detroit, April 23 WM. E. HENZE

From Judge Lindsey

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We have won the first court proceeding in the Juvenile Judge contest. However, the opposition has asked leave to appeal the case to the Supreme Court. This means more expense and delay; the matter cannot be determined there for several months.

We have also won in the legislative contest. The Klan's efforts to abolish the court were defeated there.

We want to tell you again how very much we appreciate your interest.

Denver, Colorado, April 22 BEN B. LINDSEY

A Radio in Eden?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If we have any such spot in our anatomy as curiosity you have struck it. That article, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers Return [April 15], has raised a thousand questions: What is the climate? What building materials have they? What fuel for warmth and cooking? What domestic animals? How is the land allotted? What do they do with the drones? No doubt in time we shall have a book telling all. I'll contribute $1 toward a radio outfit for the island.

Glendale, California, April 18 H. W.

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International Relations Section

Freedom in Bulgaria

IN anticipation of an uprising in April, the Tsankoff Government in Bulgaria, with the full approval of King Boris, issued on March 14 a drastic amendment to the Defense of the State Act originally adopted a year ago.

ARTICLE 1. All kinds of organizations, groups, or their subdivisions which preach or incite a violent change of the government and social order established by the constitution, or advocate violent seizure of power, or in order to attain such ends wish to make use of crime, violence, or terrorism, are prohibited. Likewise those organizations or groups which with money or by other means aid the above-mentioned organizations or groups are forbidden.

ART. 2. Those who create organizations, groups, or their subdivisions mentioned in Article 1 of this act or become members of such organizations, groups, or their subdivisions will be punished; the founders and organizers by strict imprisonment of not less than ten years and a fine of 50,000 to 200,000 levs.

ART. 5. The members of organizations, groups, or their subdivisions mentioned in Articles 1 and 2 of this act, as well as persons who have aided such organizations in the manner described in Articles 3 and 4 are freed from punishment if they inform the authorities of the existence of said organizations or the names of members of such organizations.

ART. 6. Whoever by speech, letter, or by publication carries on propaganda with the purpose of changing the political or economic structure of the government by means of crime, violence, or terrorist acts will be punished by strict imprisonment for not less than five years, and a fine of from 50,000 to 500,000 levs.

ART. 7. Whoever by speech, writing, or by printed, illustrated, or other publication incites hostility, hatred, or crime against separate classes of the population, or against the established authorities, and thereby endangers the public and legal order of the country will be punished by strict imprisonment of from three to eight years and a fine of from 50,000 to 300,000 levs. . . .

ART. 10. All printed and other publications mentioned in Articles 6 and 7 of this act will be seized by order of the prosecutor. Until the issuing of such order the police may take all measures to stop the circulation of said work. Simultaneously with the taking of these measures the police will notify the prosecutor. With the issuing of the order for seizure, criminal proceedings are thereby started against the guilty person.

Secret printing offices, with all their belongings, which serve for the printing of the works prohibited by this act will also be confiscated. The proprietors of unconcealed printing establishments who have knowingly permitted the printing of the works prohibited by Article 6 of this act will be punished as participants. If they have permitted this through carelessness they will be punished by imprisonment and by a fine of 10,000 to 100,000 levs.

ART. 11. Whoever destroys army supplies, railway, post, telegraph, and telephone equipment, bridges or other road equipment, mine equipment, water or lighting installations, government and public buildings, as well as he who destroys and steals food provisions will be punished by death or life imprisonment and a fine of 200,000 to 500,000 levs.

The same punishment will be meted out to those who destroy or set fire to habitable buildings or huts or any building which temporarily serves as a dwelling, with the purpose of spreading disturbance or terror. . . .

ART. 13. Whoever leaves his domicile, joins or counts himself a member of a band (*cheta*), formed and armed for the purpose of committing crimes against the government or public safety, public or private property, institutions or equipment, or against the lives of official or private persons will be punished by death.

The same punishment will be meted out to persons who conceal, give asylum or food to, or furnish other means to the members of similar bands. These persons are freed from punishment if timely information is given the authorities concerning the place of sojourn of such bands or of its separate members, and if such persons aid in their capture. The properties of persons convicted according to this article shall serve as compensation for all damages and losses caused by the activities of the band or of any of its members.

That member of a band who gives himself up to the authorities before any deed punishable according to this act by death has been committed by him or by the band of which he is a member, and who gives the names of his companions and their whereabouts, is freed from the penalties provided above. A member of a band who gives himself up to the authorities after he or the band has carried out a criminal act, or who aids in the discovery and capture of other members of the band, may not be punished by more than fifteen years strict imprisonment.

ART. 14. Whoever enters into relations with a person, group, or association located in a foreign country for the preparation or accomplishment of any one of the criminal acts mentioned in the foregoing articles as well as one who aids in any manner whatsoever an association, group, person, or printed publication in a foreign country or works against the form of government or against public and legal order in this country will be punished by strict imprisonment of not less than five years and a fine of 50,000 to 300,000 levs.

ART. 15. The importation of printed, lithographed manuscript, illustrated or other works mentioned in Articles 6 and 7 of this act is prohibited. Persons who import or circulate such publications or receive them without reporting it to the authorities are to be punished by imprisonment for five years and a fine of 5,000 to 50,000 levs. The importation of such works is allowed only for scientific purposes, and that, with the permission of the Ministry of Education.

ART. 16. If an organization or group resorts to riots, insurrections, terrorist activities, murders, or other crimes in order to attain its ends it will be punished as follows: The instigators, organizers, chief leaders, and executors, by death; the remaining members by strict imprisonment of not less than ten years; and all by a fine of from 200,000 to 500,000 levs. . . .

. . .

ART. 18. Whoever is aware that any of the criminal activities mentioned in this act are being planned and does not report that fact to the authorities will be punished by imprisonment. Moreover, he who conceals, or assists in the escape of a person whom he knows, or by the circumstances is presumed to know, has committed any of the criminal deeds mentioned in this act, with the exception of Article 13, will be punished by strict imprisonment up to five years, and a fine of 20,000 to 100,000 levs. This regulation is not applied to the descendants, ancestors, brothers, or sisters of the concealed person.

ART. 19. Whoever, in the manner provided by Article 6 of this act, preaches, justifies, approves, or extols the formation of organizations, groups, or their subdivisions mentioned in Article 1 or again justifies, approves, or extols the carrying out of any of the acts mentioned in the foregoing articles will be punished by strict imprisonment of from three to ten years and a fine of 20,000 to 300,000 levs.

ART. 20. Whoever is a member of organizations, groups, or their subdivisions prohibited by this act as well as one who is a believer in communistic, anarchistic, or violent methods of social and political change may occupy no governmental, district, or municipal office, or be a member of the National Assembly, or of any self-governing body. If such person already occupies a governmental, district, or municipal office he is to be dismissed. If he is chosen as national representative, dis-

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trict or municipal councilor, or school trustee he loses thereby his mandate. These decisions are made by Parliament in the case of national representatives; for the district and municipal councilors and school trustees by the district court. The immediate superior who consciously appoints or retains in service such person will be punished according to Article 443 of the Penal Code. . . .

ART. 22. Cases under this act are within the jurisdiction of the district courts, and are tried according to summary procedure. Judgments may be appealed only to the Supreme Court of Cassation. Upon declaration of martial law in a given place, field courts martial immediately begin to function: to try all cases and punish the guilty persons.

Program of the Macedonian Revolutionary Organization

DISCONTENT in Macedonia is one of the most potent causes of violence in the Balkans. The following declaration was published in March of this year:

The New Central Committee of the Macedonian Internal Revolutionary Organization, elected at the general congress in Macedonia during the first half of February, 1925, has informed the civilized world that it would maintain the declarations of the former Central Committee made in September, 1923, and August, 1924, and its duty will be to complete them according to the directions given by the Congress.

The final purpose of the M.I.R.O. has been in the past, and is at present, to gain political autonomy or self-government for Macedonia within her natural geographical boundaries—the Rila, Osogovo, and Shar mountains on the north, the west Albanian range on the west, the Bistritsa River and the Ægean Sea on the south, the Mesta River and the West Rhodopi on the east.

The M.I.R.O. would regard the solution of the Macedonian question equally acceptable if Macedonia is made independent under the protection of the League of Nations, or if she is a self-governing unit with equal rights in a Jugoslavian or Balkan Federation. The essential point is that Macedonia should be free and its population the master of its destinies.

For the attainment of this purpose the M.I.R.O. depends first of all on its own resources and on its members, who are in the main all inhabitants of Macedonia, irrespective of religion, nationality, or political views.

Secondly, it counts on the cooperation of all subject nationalities in Greece and Serbia who struggle for their self-government. It counts especially on the cooperation and parallel activity of Croats, Slovenes, Montenegrians, Bosnians, and Albanians on the sole condition that the agreement for common action among the national organizations should proceed from their own quarters and should be guided by their plenipotentiaries and not under the command of a foreign Power, which may corrupt the liberation movements in the Balkans to serve its designs. The Third International, backed by Soviet Russia, attempted to acquire the leadership of these liberation movements and this attempt cost all those that approached it very heavily. We Macedonians, with the exception of a few traitors, not having yielded to it, paid by the loss of our great leader, Todor Alexandrov.

In order that the M.I.R.O. should realize its just and lofty aim, it counts also on the support of all states anxious for the peace of the Balkans, because this peace is possible only if they help bring about an equality of rights, free self-determination and self-government among all Balkan peoples.

The M.I.R.O. will zealously keep its independence, and the Central Committee will allow no government and no party to use it as a tool for purposes destructive to the Macedonian cause of liberty. The Congress has empowered the Central Committee to fight by any force or means to the very last any person, party, or association, no matter where they are, if they happen to be in the way of the M.I.R.O. or if they attempt to bring havoc in its organization. The few Macedonians connected with the paper, *Fédération Balkanique*, in Vienna, supported by the Third International, are enemies to the cause. They represent nobody but their miserable selves.

By virtue of the situation, the methods of the Macedonian Organization under Greek and Serbian authority will continue to be revolutionary in the future.

The recent elections forced upon the population of Jugoslavia (and they were forced in the worst manner in Macedonia) have convinced even those few who hesitated that only illegal methods must be resorted to in the struggle. This illegal fight will continue until the Belgrade and Athens governments are ready to recognize national rights and liberties for all ethnic groups in Macedonia. It will continue until they allow the exiled Macedonian intelligentsia to go back to their homes and guarantee the free use of the vernacular in public meetings and the press. It will not cease until national, political, and cultural associations are allowed by law and until native nominees in the municipal, district, and parliamentary elections are accepted.

So far as the part of Macedonia under Bulgarian rule is concerned, the Central Committee (1) taking notice of the declaration of the Sofia Government that it is ready to give up this part if Greece and Serbia give up their shares in turn for the creation of Macedonia as a self-governing unit and (2) realizing the full liberties that Macedonians enjoy under Bulgarian rule, does not find it necessary to apply revolutionary methods in Bulgaria. But still the Central Committee declares that if there is an attempt by any government to exercise force and illegal methods against the Macedonians, as was the case with the government of Stambuliski, it will fight and maintain the rights of its compatriots.

(Signed) ALEXANDER PROTOGEROV
IVAN MIHAILOV
GEORGI P. HRISTOV

The Agrarians' Protest

THE Bulgarian Agrarian National Union is one of the opposition groups under suspicion of inciting the recent uprising. The agrarian group was in power during the post-war years under the leadership of Stambuliski, who was murdered in the coup of June, 1923. The supreme council of the Union at its meetings in Sofia during January, 1925, passed the following resolution:

I. The present Government, conspiratory in its origin and illegal in its spirit, makes use in its internal politics of methods which are a negation of the most elementary democratic principles. Its politics are in full contradiction to the standards of civilized nations, because

1. The fundamental law of the land—the constitution—is trampled under foot, and fearful tyranny and violence are being practiced;

2. The rights and freedom of Bulgarian citizens are suspended, inasmuch as they are not allowed to speak and write freely, to assemble, or to form associations;

3. The persecution of political opponents extends even to mass and individual murders;

4. Personal and property security does not exist;

5. As a result of all this, many illegal and bandit groups have appeared in the land and many others have emigrated.

II. The economic and financial politics of the Government are beneath criticism. They are a negation of the most elementary fitness and fairness, because

1. The disorganization in governmental and private industry is universal;

2. The government funds, collected by excessive and in-

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tolerable taxation, are expended most recklessly for unproductive purposes and for the satisfaction of the supporters of the present anti-national Government;

3. Our lev has been reduced to valuelessness; the consequent high cost of living and money crisis have made it impossible for one to meet the most necessary wants of life.

4. Owing to the protection of many speculators on the side of the governing "Democratic Entente," an unbelievable amount of speculation is being carried on with agricultural produce and products, thanks to which the country faces terrible hunger and misery.

III. Due to its origin, composition, and the course of its internal politics, the present Government possesses no prestige or confidence before the outside world, including our neighbors. It has shown itself not only incompetent to defend the foreign interests of Bulgaria, but even pernicious, for

1. The international position of the country, instead of improving, is becoming worse every day;

2. The most justifiable national desires do not find response from any quarter;

3. An increasingly thick atmosphere of suspicion and hostility encircles our Government;

4. The country is filling daily with refugees (Bulgarian) from those territories which were formerly within the limits of Bulgaria. These refugees have been forced by violence to leave their homes.

IV. The supreme council of the Bulgarian Agrarian National Union, animated by national interests, and uneasy regarding the future interests of our nation, finds that in order to prevent a hideous national catastrophe, it is necessary above all to bring about the pacification of the land, and to restore the faith of the Bulgarian nation in the authority of the Government. That may and must take place as follows:

The present Government (a) to withdraw from power, being replaced by a provisional, non-partisan government, which is to reinstate the constitutional rights and liberties of Bulgarian citizens; (b) to grant full and unconditional amnesty for all political crimes and to guarantee its fulfilment; (c) to abolish the Defense of the State Act; (d) to take the necessary measures for, and to hold, legal elections in absolute freedom.

The supreme council of the Union categorically rejects all cooperation with groups and organizations which have broken with legal and constitutional methods in the political struggle. The Union, examining the provisions of its constitution, finds that the Agrarian Union may not and should not take part in the blocs either of the Right or the Left parties in the land.

Having in mind the ideas, purposes, and composition of the Agrarian Union, the supreme council finds that the Union can have nothing in common with the so-called "united front" of the Third Communist International, but at the same time it has nothing against the independent organizing of wage earners in private and public enterprises, and cooperation with them in the fight for common benefits. . . .

The Agrarian Union is for the preservation of the present constitutional form of government, as that which answers to the needs of the country today. . . .

Section IV of the resolution was amended by the supreme council of the Agrarian Union on March 15 and 16, 1925, to read as follows:

The present Government to withdraw from power and to be replaced by another, provisional government which is to emerge from the political parties in the country. To such a government, if necessary, the Agrarian Union would give its cooperation. The supreme council of the Union does not approve of any conspiratory activity directed against the integrity and sovereignty of the Bulgarian Government.

This last declaration was signed by the following five members of the supreme council of the Union: Tsanko Bakalov, Kosta Tomov, Delyo Georgiev, Georgi Markov, Alexander Radolov.

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL ROWLAND was engaged in educational work in Bulgaria from 1920 to the summer of 1924.

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON is president of Smith College.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN, former dramatic editor of *The Nation* and author of "Upstream," "The Creative Life," and other books, is living at present in Europe.

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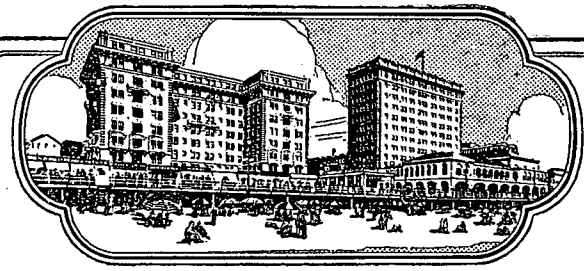

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Among our guests, such persons as Mr. Louis Untermeyer, Edgar E. Robinson, F. Luis Mora, Dr. Ludwig Lewisohn, Mme. Helen Teschner-Tas, Sara Teasdale, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, C. Bertram Hartman, B. W. Huebsch, Suzanne La Follette, Margaret Woodrow Wilson, William and Marguerite Zorach, Mary Ellis, Frank Alvah Parsons, Babette Deutsch, W. E. Woodward, Ernest Gruening, Lee Simonson, Sidney Howard, Clare Eames, Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Beard, George Ochs Oakes, Irwin Edman, Mark and Carl Van Doren, Freda Kirchwey, George Soule, Joseph and Edward Anthony, Stephen Rathbun, Philip Moeller, B. Russell Herts, Anita C. and S. John Block, James Henle and Janet Beecher have attested to the qualities which give this spot the atmosphere of a home—with all its comforts and none of its responsibilities.

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Foreign Book Section

Silence in Central Europe

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Munich, April 10

CENTRAL Europe is more stricken today than it was during the years of the great hunger and the great inflation. Suffering then was so vast that it reached a tragic dignity; there arose from it the cry of a tragic protest—against the immediate causes, against those ultimate causes that are rooted in the structure of things. The best of expressionistic literature in drama and the lyric, especially in the lyric, was the embodiment of that cry. This hideous world was to be remade through the soul.

Today expressionism is dead. The new lyrical movement falters. The tragic cry is silent. On the surface life is normal. Under the surface it is a tangle of mean preoccupations. One doesn't starve; one hasn't enough. There is neither equilibrium nor revolution; there is neither peace nor war. There is weariness; there is often exhaustion. Fears of a red terror are gone. The Germans are, upon the whole, a patient and orderly folk. But the miasma of white terror is in the air. Even in Austria, politically the decentest of continental countries today, that poisonous atmosphere sickers in from Hungary, from Poland, from Italy, from Rumania. Even in Vienna, most democratic of cities, people shake their heads. There are evil years ahead; Metternich is stalking from his grave.

The presses continue to turn out books. There are still as many bookshops as there were barrooms in New York before prohibition. The people read; they seek salvation of some sort from the printed page. But in no new book is there either a thrill or a flame. There is cleverness, learning, dialectic subtlety. The magnificent creative impulse in German letters that arose in the eighties of the last century, that did not wholly succumb to war and hunger and produced its final hectic blossom in expressionism, is spent at last. There are no new men. The dramatic successes of the season in both Berlin and Vienna are by Shaw and Pirandello; the novels of the year that count are by the pre-war masters; the lyric—always symbol and symptom in German literature—is reminiscent and faded.

The pre-war masters are touched, of course, by the general weariness, the universal lack of tone and hope. Hauptmann imagines a rather feeble Utopia ("Die Insel der grossen Mutter"); Thomas Mann writes twelve hundred pages of troubled, profound, often aimless discussion in his impeccable prose and calls it a novel ("Der Zauberberg"); Schnitzler repeats with infinite grace and skill ("Komödie der Verführung," "Fräulein Else") what he has said a hundred times before. Wassermann, younger than Hauptmann and Schnitzler, and with a strange, indomitable creative energy, pursues his visionary course. If "Faber, oder die verlorenen Jahre" has neither the reach nor the massiveness of the books that immediately preceded, his new novel, of which he read me some chapters the other day, will have both. Hofmannsthal, eternally youthful, still turns out things of a level exquisiteness of execution. Something of the old bloom, the old aroma, is gone. Ricarda Huch and Hermann Hesse are silent.

The case of Franz Werfel illustrates admirably the whole situation in Central Europe today. He is thirty-five. His is the most notable talent that arose during the years of war and hunger. Indeed, talent is too grudging a word. Werfel is a lyrical poet of almost the first rank. He alone would have justified the whole expressionist movement. Today his lyrical impulse, too, is spent. He is isolated. The wave of spiritual revolution and protest has receded and left him solitary. He still protests against the formalism of the old masters. "When I read them," he said to me, "I always have the feeling that—you savor the phrase—the illustrious master takes pen in hand. Well, they're not the old Goethe; and in fact do we want the old Goethe today?" What an important if partial truth! But Werfel himself writes "Verdi, Roman der Oper" and "Maximilian und Juarez," a drama of the Mexican empire! In brief, he has substituted escape for spontaneity. But what can he do amid the sullen ferocities of Europe today? He is from Prague; he is a good liberal; he is a Jew. Well, he has just gone to Palestine seeking new inspiration. His best poems are likely to endure as long as the language in which they are written. But out of what cultural community, solidarity, trend, hope, impulse is he to write today? The younger generation is either red or white, Communist or Fascist—cultivators of "discipline and order," by which they mean force and fraud.

The great severe spirits stand utterly apart. Long ago they felt that they were not of this particular world. Hofmannsthal, in his simple hut at Alt-Aussee, told me once more the legend—it is the only word to use—of those two divine poets Stefan George and Rainer Maria Rilke. Somewhere in a forester's house, deep in the woods, George lives almost alone. He does not come to the cities; he is no longer seen even by the friends of his youth. Rilke dwells in a ruined tower in Switzerland. He, too, has utterly withdrawn himself from the sordid, troubled life of men. Both George and Rilke, however, still write, still see their visions. And the one hopeful sign in Central Europe today is this, that the books of these noble and withdrawn masters are read by thousands who form a large and silent congregation throughout the German-speaking lands, men and women who, in their very silence, protest against the vulgarities of force and nationalism.

One could write in a much livelier fashion about German literature today. But vivacity or the mention of many names would miss the essential quality of the situation. Literature is no isolated thing. It expresses life and is guided by life. And life, on the entire Continent today, is sterile. It may be, though I doubt it, that from these ruins a new civilization will arise with new impulses and new forms of life and therefore of literature. But where liberty is a by-word and flexibility is viewed with suspicion and liberalism is powerless, there can be no hope for literature in that great tradition which from Isaiah and Plato to Dehmel and Whitman has shaped the art of the Western world. Fascism and Leninism are re-medievalizing Europe. The individual is silenced; the free personality is forced to the wall. Neither Camelots du Roi nor Hakenkreuzler nor Blackshirts nor Awakening Magyars nor Communist Puritans are likely to continue the tradition of the literature of the free spirit of man. Who remains? A few isolated liberals. A few Jews. These avert their eyes. Wistfully they look toward America or Palestine. The rest is silence. . . .

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A Note on Contemporary English Poetry

By RICHARD ALDINGTON

London, April 15

ONLY those who themselves take part, however unworthily, in the development of any contemporary art can know so much about it, can be so vitally interested in it, as to be able to discuss it with freedom and certainty. But the only comfortable way to do this is by avoiding the mention of particular names and by attempting to define general tendencies. Of course it is almost unanswerably true that our tendencies are diverging and hostile, that no generalization is possible because all is anarchy; no authority is recognized, every man writes as seems fit in his own eyes, we are all Ishmaelites. Almost the only thing you will not find is a general tendency. Yet if you set aside the vast body of merely impotent, absurd, uneducated verse and concentrate upon those writers whose works deserve the attention of an ordinarily intelligent person, you will find that they fall into two main bodies, one large and one small. The large body consists of the inheritors of the romantic poets, our new nature poets or, as I prefer to call them, the Birket Foster school; the other and smaller body is made up of those who in various ways are attempting to break away from Birket Fosterism, to return to more august traditions, or to strike out entirely on their own. I need scarcely say with which group my sympathies lie.

Birket Foster was a mid-Victorian illustrator whose designs were largely engraved by the Dalziels and chiefly used for the popular illustrated editions of the great romantic poets of the last century. Foster's work is a dilution of the English landscape school, a vulgarization of Turner usually, though he copied all the English water-color school. But the main feature of Birket Foster's work is—to put it bluntly—humbug. He falsifies highways with a vengeance; he *pretends* outrageously. His work is not the poetic heightening of his great predecessors, who are poetically and artistically truthful; it is a pompously romantic lie, it is the thing which is not, it is like railway and travel-bureau posters—a catchpenny gaudiness, a picturesqueness for the mob.

Now, much the same thing occurred and still occurs in poetry. That great school of English poetry which centers about Wordsworth and Coleridge is comparable with the great English landscape school. Poetry is always seeking an objective correlative to its otherwise inexpressible emotions. Wordsworth showed how this might be done through nature, through the sights and sounds of the rural solitudes of pre-railway England; Byron and Shelley in the next generation showed how this could be done through the more stupendous and startling beauties of Switzerland and Italy. Now, there still exists in England a large school of poets which attempts to find poetic expression in this material, and the result is as false in comparison with Wordsworth and Byron as Birket Foster is in comparison with Turner and Cotman. It is false because the solitude, the grandeur, the tranquillity, the remoteness prized by Wordsworth have disappeared before mechanical and industrial assaults. What is the sense of pretending that Wordsworth's England still exists in a world of railways, automobiles, and aeroplanes? In Wordsworth's day Grasmere was nearly as far from London as New York is now—more, because we are every minute in telegraphic communication, every day each city knows what the other is doing. Now the Birket Foster poets are still trying to pretend that Wordsworth's England exists; and I maintain that therefore their works are doomed to impotence and to oblivion. No matter what crudity, what absurdity, what incoherence, what vulgarity mark the writings of those who have turned their back on this sort of thing—the future, I maintain, is theirs. Crude vitality can be disciplined into grace and beauty; but effete good taste (all that the English call "jolly things") can only degenerate by spasms into impotence.

The greatest compliment we can pay to the great literature of the past is not to imitate it. If we really know our Shakespeare and our Dante and our Homer, we shall not be able to escape their paternal influence, however much we struggle to be ourselves. But I am more and more convinced that (paradoxical as it may sound) we can only achieve originality, only express what is peculiarly our own time, through an intense study of the great poets of other ages. From them we learn how to express ourselves and what it is that we can add. Milton, so admired by the very writers of today whom I deprecate, is an example triumphantly proving my double case: that of a poet who abandons the effete tradition of his time and is yet steeped in the works of his great predecessors. Milton sought his models far off—chiefly in Italy—and his theme in the profound theological preoccupations of his age.

If I am asked whether I know of any great poet or poets now inhabiting the British Isles I shall be compelled to make a very cautious, not to say ambiguous, answer; for the very good reason that I am friendly with quite a lot of poets. The age, I believe, is overabsorbed in commercial pursuits, confused in its aspirations, deficient in those mysterious centers of intellectual life from which alone great art has proceeded in the past. Landor used to say that one thing money could not buy was "old trees in a living state"; by which he meant that if they were not already on your land only a hundred years of patient growth can put them there. It is even more emphatically the case with a period of poetical production, for we are very far from knowing how it is that the poetically creative mind is bred. The last great English poet was Robert Browning; since him I perceive little but refined echoes and abortive experiments.

Europe, following America, has set out on a line of life which discourages the production of great characters. It is not great audiences, as Whitman asserted, which make great poets, but great characters; which is why we take more interest in the career of a Texas ranger than in that of a stock-exchange millionaire. I think it no particular disgrace to England that it has no really first-rate poets to brag of to the world. But is there any one poet whom the educated people of Europe and America would agree is first-rate? How few poets pass the national boundary, and even then how little enthusiasm they arouse! The fact that about ten thousand people in England try to write poetry and that nearly fifty do it not quite disgracefully shows perhaps that we are still somehow a poetic people. If there is ever again to be a poetic period in England I am convinced that it will come not from the Birket Fosters of poetry but rather from the outcast and unpopular—the D. H. Lawrences and the T. S. Eliots. Meanwhile there is nothing to report—except that those who are farthest from the front get the most rations and the highest rates of pay.

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The Publishers of Vienna

By ERNST KLARWILL

Vienna, April 8

IN the ten years which preceded the World War publishing in Vienna ranked comparatively low. There were several houses of great renown, but these were almost exclusively occupied with specialized scientific works, and since the city had always boasted of a famous medical school, certain publishers particularly devoted themselves to medical literature. Other houses patronized law, science, and agriculture. Belles-lettres received but scant attention. Not a few enthusiastic booksellers began with native novelists and poets, only to fail because their Austrian authors preferred to publish in Germany. One can recall from the end of the nineteenth century men like Leopold Rosner, the unselfish promoter of Ferdinand Kürnberger and Daniel Spitzer, or the firm of Karl Gerold's Sons, or—last, not least—the house of Wilhelm Braumüller. The last-named brought out more recently the first volume of Oswald Spengler's "Downfall of Western Civilization" ("Der Untergang des Abendlandes"), and the history of this publication clearly shows how handicapped an Austrian publisher was in competition with German houses. For when the first volume of Spengler had appeared and had been sold out, Messrs. Braumüller could not make up their mind to publish a second edition. The author, therefore, had to seek a new publisher, and he soon found one in Germany.

It might have been expected that the breaking up of the Hapsburg monarchy into a number of new states would make things hard for Viennese publishers. Far from it! Not only have many pre-war firms adapted themselves to the new times; but several newly founded houses have proved their vitality in spite of all the pecuniary difficulties we still are suffering under. The Austrian State Printing Office has published, partly on its own account and partly by order of the state, works recognized both at home and abroad. Among these are "Late Roman Arts and Crafts," by Alois Riegl, a book on Oriental carpets, and "The Archduke Charles and His Army." But all such publications will be eclipsed by two others to appear shortly. The Vienna Museum of Fine Arts contains the best collection extant of pictures by the elder Pieter Breughel. The late Professor Max Dvorák has written a monograph on Breughel, and all of the Vienna pictures will be reproduced in color and appended to the text. Then there is promised an exact facsimile of the romance "De la très doulce Mercy du Cueur d'Amour espris," composed in 1477 by René, king of Anjou—also one of the treasures of the State Library. The numerous delightful miniatures are masterpieces of the Flemish-French art of book illustration.

The greatest private publishing house in Vienna is that of Anton Schroll. It has undertaken to render accessible to the rank and file the art treasures contained in the numerous Vienna galleries. The firm was in existence before the war, but its great rise dates back only a few years. Some time ago Schroll published the finest drawings of the Albertina collection in four issues, covering the German, Dutch, Italian, and French masters. The text was written by Meder, the late director of the Albertina.

Of great importance to literary Vienna is the Amalthea publishing house, founded in 1919 with funds furnished by a native of Switzerland. This house makes a point of bringing to light the hidden art treasures of Vienna which post-war sales have not sent flying in all directions. Thus the Hindu miniatures stowed away in the old Imperial palace of Schönbrunn, where they were used in the days of Maria Theresa as wall-ornaments, have been published in a volume under the supervision of experts. Another book reproduces the famous and valuable collection of old Vienna porcelain owned by Herr Bloch-Bauer. At Christmas appeared "Miniatures by Heinrich Friedrich Füger and other Masters from the Bourgoing Collection." The introductory notice is by the art critic Leo Grünstein, and the whole work offers information about Füger which surpasses everything previously written about him. There is a peculiar charm about Charles Toth's "Woman and Rococo in France." Historical literature has few specimens to rank with this brilliant study, which may well be compared with its forerunners, Friedländer's history of Roman civilization and Burckhardt's "Renaissance."

A little more than a year ago was founded the house of Paul Zsolnay. Its interests are chiefly literary, though it does not confine itself to Austrian authors. It has brought out several books by Franz Werfel, the Viennese poet so famous of late years. The book of the season, however, is Arthur Schnitzler's short novel "Fräulein Else." Schnitzler, whose fame both as dramatist and as novelist goes far beyond the frontiers of his own country, has created a lasting masterpiece in "Fräulein Else." The house of Zsolnay has lately published good translations of modern French novelists—Paul Géraldy, Pierre Dominique, Claude Anet—as well as stories and plays by Galsworthy.

Among the various institutions floated during the inflation period is the Rikola publishing house, called into life with a fabulous staff of collaborators. It has been very successful with the Fugger News-Letters, brought to light from the recesses of the State Record Office and cleverly sifted and arranged. Attention is due also to the war publications of the same house, among which are the records of Baron von Arz, the last chief of the General Staff of the unfortunate Austro-Hungarian army, and the not less valuable memoirs of Field Marshal Baron von Conrad. The memoirs of Baron Conrad, whose figure, bent by age, illness, and grief, may often be seen walking in the streets of Vienna, are certain to be widely read.

One Vienna firm of old renown, the firm of Manz, has gone through a remarkable metamorphosis. It was originally founded to publish legal literature, but the dwindling demand for such professional work has necessitated a new program. Recently it has published important sumptuously illustrated works in history and in art. The finest of these are the two books on the Prince de Ligne, whom three countries claim the right of calling theirs. "The happiest man of his century" Goethe once styled him. He was born in the Low Countries, and there he owned vast stretches of landed property. In France this witty representative of the waning Rococo—he was one of the most genuine of Frenchmen in culture and language—was lionized more than elsewhere. And in Austria, where he held the high post of field marshal, he died. Although Ligne lived in Vienna for several decades, he had been somewhat forgotten there. It was consequently a happy idea to make the prince the subject of an excellent monograph and to include some well-chosen extracts from his work. This book was completely sold out after its appearance; but presumably it will soon come out in English.

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Books

First Glance

WHOEVER still doubts that Bernard Shaw is the most interesting man alive should read "Table-Talk of G. B. S.," by Archibald Henderson (Harper: $2). There, in a series of conversations between Mr. Shaw and his standard biographer, will be found, I am pretty confident, as many wise and brilliant remarks as have ever been made in the space of one hundred and sixty pages. None of these remarks will be Mr. Henderson's, either. For it is the role of Mr. Henderson to ask questions of a uniform fatuity while Mr. Shaw takes time to think—if, indeed, he needs time. I wish that credit might be given Mr. Henderson for at least the phrasing of his hero's answers. It appears, however, that these answers were given their final form in writing by their author; so that the only praise due Mr. Henderson—it may be forgotten for the moment that he wrote the standard biography—is praise for the cheerfulness with which, paragraph after paragraph, he sets himself up in order to be knocked down by his good-natured host. It is to be hoped that there will be more volumes of table-talk from this source; Mr. Shaw will be full of ideas for many years, and Mr. Henderson will undoubtedly be ready with his notebook. For the rest, I quote at random:

The movie play has supplanted the old-fashioned tract and Sunday-school prize; it is reeking with morality but dares not touch virtue. And virtue, which is defiant and contemptuous of morality even when it has no practical quarrel with it, is the life-blood of high drama.

I avoid plots like the plague. I have warned young playwrights again and again that a plot is like a jigsaw puzzle, enthralling to the man who is putting it together, but maddeningly dull to the looker-on. . . . My procedure is to imagine characters and let them rip; but I must warn you that the real process is very obscure; for the result always shows that there has been *something behind* all the time, of which I was not conscious, though it turns out to be the real motive for the whole creation.

Real plays . . . are no more constructed than a carrot is constructed. They grow naturally.

The movies are . . . tempting: there is a new art there, and I may be tempted to try my hand at it: but after all, if one has the gift of language, asking one to write a dumb-show is rather like asking Titian to paint portraits in black and white. Still, there is one sort of dumb-show which is something more than a play with the words left out, and that is a dream. If I ever do a movie show it will have the quality of a dream.

HENDERSON: But the time has come, today, I believe, for responsible critics to sound a warning against over-pruriency in current literature.

SHAW: You cannot define the terms. One man's poetry is another man's pruriency. One woman's passion is another woman's impropriety. For goodness' sake let people have what they want. . . . You must let people eat what agrees with them, even if it seems to you to be garbage.

I did not conceal my contempt for the people who had taken the frightful slaughter of our soldiers in Flanders as if it were a cinema show got up to please their patriotism, but who went stark raving mad when one of their favorite pleasure boats—actually with first-class passengers on board—was blown up. The truth is that the Lusitania catastrophe—much too big a word for it, by the way—was the first incident in the war that was small enough for their minds to take in: they suddenly realized at last that the Germans meant to kill them. . . . Their frivolity infuriated me.

The war shook down the Czardom, an unspeakable abomination, and made an end of the new German Empire and the old Apostolic Austrian one. It settled the Irish question; it gave votes and seats in Parliament to women; and it gave prohibition its dead lift over the final obstacles in your country. It is conceivable that another war, if frightful enough, might even reform our spelling. But if society can be reformed only by the accidental results of horrible catastrophes—if these results are the precise opposite of what was intended by those who brought about the catastrophe—what hope is there for mankind in them?

MARK VAN DOREN

Stendhal

Stendhal: Journal. Texte établi et annoté par Henry Debraye et Louis Royer. Tome Premier, 1801-1805. Paris: Honoré Champion.

Stendhal: Vie de Rossini, suivi des Notes d'un Dilettante. Préface et Avant-Propos par Henry Prunières. 2 vols. Paris: Honoré Champion.

Stendhal: Le Rouge et le Noir. Texte établi et annoté avec une introduction historique par Jules Marsan. Préface de Paul Bourget de l'Académie Française. 2 vols. Paris: Honoré Champion.

The Life of Henri Brulard. By Henry Beyle-Stendhal. Translated from the French by Catherine Alison Phillips. (The Blue Jade Library.) Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

"I SHALL be understood about 1880," wrote Stendhal to Balzac in one of those flashes of clear perception which make his work luminous and startling; and he added that by 1935 he would have become the prophet of a cult. The date of Casimir Stryiensky's editions of Stendhal's posthumous works curiously coincides with that of the great egoist's prediction; and already the seeds of the cult have been sown and their first fruits brought in in the form of the handsome definitive edition of Stendhal's works which MM. Arbelet and Champion are issuing and the complete English translation which is almost certain to ensue. The selection of Stendhal's autobiographical novel, "La Vie de Henri Brulard"—the book, available in imperfect editions since 1890, has only just been completely deciphered by M. Debraye—as the first volume to be issued in the Blue Jade Library is likewise significant. "That precursor, that admirable diviner," as Nietzsche called Stendhal, has at last undoubtedly come into his own.

Not that Stendhal has ever been neglected. The friend of Balzac and Byron; admired by celebrities as diverse in character and date as Mérimée, Taine (who hailed him as the greatest psychologist of his century), Zola (who recognized him as the father of naturalistic fiction), Sainte-Beuve (who so charmingly misunderstood him), Goethe, Maurice Barrès, de Gobineau, Paul Bourget, Georg Brandes, and Benedetto Croce; revered almost a century after his death by a pious group which miraculously increases as the decades multiply; his every scrap of memoranda piously deciphered (for his manuscript was incredible) and the authentic emanation of his spirit proved anew in every line;—he cannot be said to have suffered the usual indignities of time. His fame, considerable during his own lifetime, has steadily grown in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain; and if his disciples have been fewer in England, it is because Stendhal's own spirit is so irreconcilably Gallic. Stendhal can never become popular. For all his intellectual republicanism, he hated the mob with all the vehemence of his rash and arrogant spirit; and he remained throughout his life, as he has remained in death, in the isolation of his fastidiousness. He has inherited the devotion—or the hatred—of the few, and those few have included

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the greatest spirits of the modern world. Stendhal is a man whom sincerity—sheer, stubborn, perverse, impetuous sincerity—has conducted into the guarded corridor of the immortals.

Born at Grenoble in 1783, he filled his novels, when he came to write them forty-seven years later, with all the familiar trappings of romantic plot and episode; but he was ever an irresolute romantic. He despised Victor Hugo and Walter Scott; he adored Tracy, Cabanis, Shelley, and Napoleon. He was not entirely an artist; he wrote from an irascible inner necessity to project and perceive himself. This is at once the fault and the greatness of his novels, his journals, his biographical and critical studies. It explains, in the novels, the redundancy of detail, the colorless style based on the Code Civil, the impossible situations, the strangeness of his women, the querulous introspection and the perverse behavior of his heroes, and the disturbingly narcotic activity of spirit which they arouse in the casual reader who, seeking in them the familiar grandeur of the classics, comes suddenly face to face with a man naked in the resoluteness of his sincerity. It explains why the Journals, so positively callow, so meticulously detailed, so stifled with dull annotations upon his condition of health and purse, or the plays he has seen and the people he has met, nevertheless fascinate one's attention. It explains why the "Vie de Rossini" and the "Vie de Mozart," and especially the "Vie de Napoléon," though they may be the worst biographies ever penned, remain even today as absorbing as "Le Rouge et le Noir," "La Chartreuse de Parme," "Armance," the "Mémoires d'un Touriste," the "Souvenirs d'Egotisme," and almost as interesting as "La Vie de Henri Brulard."

For Stendhal could not but express himself in every line he wrote; he could not prevent his pen from recording in the lineaments of his characters the highways and the subtle by-paths of his own complex nature—the selfishness, the generosity, the meanness, the nobility, those very perverse, incredibly mixed traits that were at once Henri Brulard, Julian Sorel, Fabrice del Dongo, Octave de Malivert, and Henri Beyle-Stendhal. It is his singular greatness that he did this with a candor which is nowhere equaled in literature. There were two intellects in Stendhal. There was an active, impulsive, eager mind, yearning toward life and dramatizing itself in heroic attitudes amid a world filled with riches and adventure and love. And there was another mind, introspective and ironical, clearly perceiving the folly of this romanticizing and perceiving the absurdity of all men and all institutions. They got on very well, these two; and between them they created masterpieces.

In the volumes before us we have fairly well outlined the full figure of the man. We know that Stendhal despised his father and adored his mother, and cordially liked his sister Pauline; and that, his home having become unendurable to him, he fled to Paris when he was seventeen, in 1799. Partly from lack of funds and partly because of his famous admiration for Napoleon, he took service in the French army. His position was neither dangerous nor uncomfortable, and he had ample opportunity for observation and rumination. The first volume of the Journal is not exciting; besides notations on plays and minor events there is some slight comment on his "ridiculous" and certainly lethargic love-affairs with Victorine and Adèle, and a great deal about the highly romantic connection with Mélanie Guilbert which brought him to the first crisis of maturity. Stendhal enters into these love affairs with the prodigious and impudent curiosity of a young boy, and with the frantic energy of one who feels he must perish unless he can bring himself into balance with life. He observes his own behavior and that of his companions with an almost poignant attention, tabulating every detail and noting each error which he must correct in himself. Some of his notations are so indelicate that the publisher has adopted the curious expedient of leaving certain passages blank in the volume and supplying them separately on loose sheets, which may be inserted or burned, according to the prejudice of the purchaser.

Stendhal was probably in the last resort incapable of love. He was reluctant to relinquish himself; love was to him one of the benefits of life which he must perforce forever pursue but which he was not really anxious to possess, and which his nature did not require. It was the one infirmity of his nature with which he could never quite be reconciled. "I love, doubtless, in the same way that I am hungry at six o'clock," he said. When Julian Sorel at last holds Madame Rênal in his arms, he is deterred in his purpose by the intrusion of thought. And in "Le Rouge et le Noir" the quandary is stated perfectly: "But is it not really most amusing that I am not susceptible to that exclusive passionate preoccupation which they call love? Among all the affairs that chance has set in my way at Novara and Naples, have I ever met a woman whose presence, even in the first days of acquaintance, was more agreeable than the first ride on a good horse?"

He dared to stand before himself in his nakedness, and was not ashamed; and he did not scruple to uncover this identical nakedness to the world. In the consciousness of his own superiority he could afford to be defiant. Did he contradict himself? Very well, then, he contradicted himself. He did not fear to be perverse. He only feared to lie, for he wrote fundamentally in an effort to understand himself; and to lie to one's self about one's self, although it is the commonest gesture in the world, is a terrible thing. Stendhal knew this; therefore he disciplined his fortitude to endure the truth. And because of this indomitable sincerity he attracts, even in his ugliness and his desolation, like an upright, rugged, affable, gnarled old tree that has endured a withering century and can with equanimity endure a century more.

WILLIAM A. DRAKE

Two Optimists

Germany in Transition. By Herbert Kraus. The University of Chicago Press. $2.

The Stabilization of Europe. By Charles de Visscher. The University of Chicago Press. $2.

THE essays contained in Professor Kraus's book have the usual defects and advantages of lectures published in book form. The author must have been told in advance that American lecture audiences prefer the sweet melody of optimism to the tragic dirge of a political "Eroica." One wonders whether his conclusions would not have turned out a bit more pessimistic if he had reached them in his Königsberg studio with no anticipation of the visible signs of approval or disapproval in the faces of his American hearers.

After speaking in the conventional manner of reparations, the League of Nations, and allied problems, the author turns his attention to the new German constitution. Admittedly the necessity of recognizing the republican constitution as Germany's fundamental law is of greater than ordinary importance. Millions of Germans still denounce it as the issue of a treasonable act. Professor Kraus's attempt to give the historic background of this basic law is worthy of praise, although one cannot help suspecting that his sympathies are not unreservedly with the Weimar constitution. While reminding the reader that the constitution of republican Germany is a child—an illegal child, to be sure—of the draft constitution of 1849 and therefore represents a political ideology of considerable respectability, he takes pains to emphasize its relationship to communistic and other nefarious doctrines. Yet he believes that if the German people were asked today if the constitution should be either fundamentally altered or altogether abolished the majority would answer no.

An equally important problem is treated in the chapter on Separatism in Germany. Are the Bavarian and Hanoverian fire-eaters expressing popular opinion when they shake heaven and earth with their cry, "Away from Prussia"? The fact that Prussia, formerly the stronghold of irreconcilable Junkerdom,

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has gone socialist would seem sufficient reason for making one look askance at the endeavors of the South German reactionaries to sever connections with the North. Besides, the new German constitution has practically abolished Prussia's hegemony by dissolving the close association between the Prussian and the federal organizations. On the whole the author has the impression that Separatism in Germany already has passed its zenith.

If one can believe Professor De Visscher, the League of Nations has saved humanity from destruction. In his book the League becomes a hero flushed with excitement at having rescued the fairy princess from the beasts of the jungle. The problem of nationalities no longer menaces the peace of Eastern Europe. Minorities are effectively protected, it appears. Mention is made of the Aland question, the partition of Upper Silesia, the financial rehabilitation, so-called, of Austria and Hungary, as proving the power of the League. No mention is made of the Ruhr, the Polish-Lithuanian war, the Italo-Greek conflict, the Fiume question, and the Egyptian turmoil—to list only a few of the subjects which have escaped the League.

EMIL LENGYEL

With Two Frenchmen in Concord

Autour d'Emerson. By Régis Michaud. Paris: Editions Bossard. 15 francs.

Henry Thoreau, Bachelor of Nature. By Léon Bazalgette. Translated by Van Wyck Brooks. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

M. REGIS MICHAUD is a cultivator of Emerson and of America. He has treated Emerson briefly in his "Mystiques et Réalistes Anglo-Saxons"; he has translated (or adapted) the "Journals"; and he is preparing two new volumes on Emerson. The present book might better have been called "Autour de l'Amérique," for it includes authors so unneighborly to Emerson both in time and spirit as the two James brothers, Henry Adams, and William Vaughn Moody. M. Michaud finds Emerson in the pedigrees of each and all. But Emerson was a synthesis; as such he was incidentally like very many people; but his only true heirs would be the inheritors of the synthesis, and these inheritors are not yet, or are no longer, visible. The volume is, in short, a book on Americans by a most large-minded, charitable, and hospitable Frenchman, and the two essays of special note in a book where everything is valuable are the first on Emerson et Nietzsche (almost dumb on Nietzsche) and the last on Le Malaise aux Etats-Unis. The first-named will be sanative for the devotees of Emerson and the last medicinal for the worshipers of America.

M. Michaud is not primarily an enjoyer, not, distinctively, a judge of art, not even, specifically, a critic of ideas. His office is to find out what men think, or, more briefly and precisely, to place minds. Not to grade merit but to localize minds on the intellectual and moral chart. The service, in M. Michaud's vigorous hands, becomes admirable. He is helped by an ample and exact knowledge, an obedient knowledge, responsive to the faintest signal, a muscular understanding, and a spaciousness of mind which enables him to array and discipline his facts, to endue them with extension and perspective. He can do things which he is not eager to do. Chary of insights, he is yet capable of insight; disdainful of phrase, he produces dexterities which profit in our estimation by the disdain. The treatment, lucid and vigorous in the main, is open here and there to gentle stricture; the exposition is sometimes a little too slow for interest, sometimes a little too fast for clearness.

M. Michaud knows more of Emerson perhaps than any other living man; he knows him far, far better than the average American. Americans shape a conventionalized Emerson from his photographs, his Concord surroundings, his biographies with their chorals from admirers, and a few sifted sayings which spare admiration the fatigue of research. Even into his doughty Self-Reliance they read the cherubic view of his personality. "Follow the devil if you are his child! Of course *he* could say that, dear heart!" Emerson was as good as they think, and he was great beyond the guess of a self-sufficient criticism that mixes even reverence with patronage; but he was, as M. Michaud clearly perceives, a *snake-charmer*, a handler of destructive ideas with serene impunity. If M. Michaud errs anywhere, it is in overstressing the thinker or doctrinaire in Emerson. For instance, in the "Mystiques" he finds Emerson's originality in the constant passage from the individual to the universal and vice versa, in the never losing sight of the infinite on one side and the human microcosm on the other. Is this indeed Emerson's originality? An American reader would find twenty times more of him in the remark to friends on the arrival of a load of wood: "We have to attend to these things exactly as if they were real" (quoted from memory). If Emerson as philosopher can be elucidated, Emerson as being must be divined, and the tranquil rationality of M. Michaud refuses help from soothsayers.

Mr. Brooks's translation of the new life of Thoreau is excellent as English, and M. Bazalgette's style has the merits of fluidity and a sort of undulating picturesqueness. The book will charm those people who can come to terms with a biographer whose purpose is to be incessantly and irresistibly engaging. The cheerfulness of M. Bazalgette is omnipresent; it chirps a little by Thoreau's deathbed; it trips behind his coffin to the graveyard. In the woods and on the waters of course its vivacity is irrepressible. M. Bazalgette is rather the chorister than the technical biographer of Thoreau; but he does cover the life in nine consecutive chapters or choric dances, the most interesting of which is the account of the brief intercourse with Whitman. Concord is the object of much playful satire; indeed when M. Bazalgette accompanies his hero to the woodland we fancy that half the zest of the excursion for him lies in the looks cast back over his shoulder at deserted and insulted Concord. Emerson is treated with a suavity which secretes a cautious malice. What the somber and moody Thoreau would have made of his volatile biographer we need not unfeelingly inquire; we will assume that his charity for artless and playful things would have allowed M. Bazalgette to frisk about him with the other squirrels. The difficulty with a squirrel is that his points of view are limited, and we doubt if all M. Bazalgette's agility has ever brought him within sight of the seer and worshiper in Thoreau who hid himself behind the rambler and the naturalist. The book will be much liked by its own constituency; its success would be certain if we could be positive that this constituency had ever been acquainted with Thoreau.

O. W. FIRKINS

Henri Barbusse

Les Enchaînements. By Henri Barbusse. Paris: Flammarion. 2 vols. 15 francs.

WARS do not merely enable patriotic profiteers to get rich, as Henri Barbusse believes; they also make authors famous and prosperous, as his own career indicates. It is no more to M. Barbusse's discredit that 350,000 copies of "Le Feu" have been sold in France—almost as many as of "La Garçonne"—than it is to the discredit of house-painters that they are more highly paid than teachers. In an age of democracy the public naturally distributes the rewards of its patronage according to its own enlightened scale of values, and the objects of its favors benefit just as steel manufacturers benefit when governments want lots and lots of munitions. When governments are not wasting money on shells, they do not invest the amount saved in decent or constructive enterprises, nor would the delighted

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readers of "Le Feu" and "La Garçonne" have purchased 350,000 copies of a work of literature had those substitutes not been available. It is possible to argue the contrary, to assume that the cost of the war might have been spent on housing, and that the response to that popular book of M. Barbusse's was the generous recognition of a great work, but my own deductions are different.

Henri Barbusse published his first book, a volume of verse entitled "Pleureuses," in 1895, and in 1903 a novel, "Les Suppliants." They were of mediocre quality and were not helped by the publication five years later of "L'Enfer," which was issued by an obscure firm that did not live to reap the results of the popularity which the book subsequently enjoyed in the hands of another publisher after the boom of "Le Feu" in 1916. Before the war a collection of stories, "Nous Autres," appeared without any success, and in 1919 came "Clarté," which rivaled "Le Feu." By that time M. Barbusse's reputation was made, but it became a revolutionary rather than a literary reputation, for this new novel, "Les Enchaînements," is his only important piece of fiction since, and he expresses doubts as to whether it really should be described as a novel. In other words, M. Barbusse has been writing now for thirty years, and during twenty-one of them his position was one of such respectable obscurity that he was utterly unknown abroad, and familiar only to a small circle in France, when "Le Feu" went forth into twelve languages. Even "L'Enfer," a more "lewd and lascivious" work than many denounced by moralists and thereby made famous, did not sell as such books usually do until "Le Feu" sent readers to it. In its English version it does not reveal its true color, which is vastly more lurid than that of the victimized "La Garçonne."

The reason why these facts must be rehearsed is that they point to a conclusion which "Les Enchaînements" establishes beyond doubt, namely, that Henri Barbusse's fame was purely adventitious and unenduring. "Le Feu" and "Clarté" must be accounted among the many other factitious glories of the period of war madness. They no more constitute M. Barbusse a writer of the first class than Mr. Lloyd George's fanfaronades constituted him a statesman: both phenomena just happened to suit the uncritical mood of the moment. Those who knew Henri Barbusse's work before the war will not be surprised by "Les Enchaînements," which is, I think, one of the most ill-conceived and worst-written novels in French literature since d'Urfé's "Astrée." Its length is prodigious and its tedium at once suggests that seventeenth-century horror, but there the resemblance ceases. "The Links," to give the title its English meaning, is a species of outline of history as seen through the imagination of Clément Trachel, to whom the whole panorama of mankind appears in a series of visions from prehistoric times down to the war. All the great periods and events of history are evoked in dreams of which Trachel himself is a part, so that the narrative is rendered as that of a contemporary in each case, not as an account of far-off things. The title of the book has already been curiously mistranslated as "Fetters," in spite of the obvious meaning of the French word and its application here. M. Barbusse has shown us the links which constitute the chain of human evolution, and what holds them together is the ever-recurring stupidity and cruelty of man.

Henri Barbusse is as pessimistic and as skeptical of progress as was Anatole France in "L'Ile des Pingouins," but where France expresses the happy disillusionment of the urbane skeptic in a deft phrase, Barbusse pronounces the angry anathemas of anarchy in uncouth French. His final apostrophe is: "Seize the pontiffs of Fatherland, Democracy, and Religion by their sacred vestments and spit in their faces. Subjugate the herd that you are, the herd of animals. Are men wicked? I do not know: wickedness, a melodramatic specter like goodness—but they are stupid. Revolt, for pity's sake, for wisdom's sake!" This brief quotation is typical of both the unpleasant style and the muddled thought of the book. M. Barbusse is apparently no longer a communist but an anarchist. In both phases of his post-war evolution he shows himself to be what he was from the beginning, an author whom it is unnecessary to mention when literature is being discussed. His interest as a sociologist may be determined by other tests.

ERNEST BOYD

The Learning Process

The Growth of the Mind. By Kurt Koffka. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

THERE are three books by German psychologists on mental development in childhood which especially deserve translation for the benefit of English and American readers: Stern's "Psychologie der frühen Kindheit," Bühler's "Geistige Entwicklung des Kindes," and Koffka's "Grundlagen der psychischen Entwicklung." Two of them, Stern's and Koffka's, have just been translated, and we may hope that Bühler's soon will be.

Koffka's book is concerned not with the concrete details of child-life but with the general principles of original nature, mental growth, and learning. In particular it applies the doctrines and point of view of the so-called Gestalt-psychology to the problems of instinct, habit formation, memory, and higher forms of learning.

The psychology of a generation ago was content, in the main, to record the fact that the human animal has certain original unlearned tendencies, to describe what these seemed to be, and to attribute them to one or more faculties or powers called instincts. The psychology of the last decade has sought to observe these original tendencies more precisely and to account for them as the manifestations in behavior of a pre-formed spatial structure or arrangement of the neurones which compose the human brain. The brain has been viewed as a very complicated switchboard which, for example, receives a message from an irritated nasal membrane and relays it on to muscles so as to produce a sneeze. The brain and the mind, it has been believed, can be treated as the connection-system of a man just as the heart and the blood vessels are his circulating system. The connections made from neurones to neurones in the brain were often described as of a very simple serial type where A produced B which produced C which produced D which produced E which produced F which produced G; where you would get E F G in the same way from D alone as you would get it from A B C D; and where if by any accident something happened to exterminate D the whole series would stop, neither E F G nor anything else happening.

Koffka has done an excellent service by pointing out the falsity of this last. He rightly maintains that if you somehow arouse D alone you do not by any means always get E F G, and that if by some accident D is interfered with the course of behavior may none the less continue to E F G. The entire series or structure A B C D E F G seems to him to be a living unity acting as a whole and controlling each of its parts to some extent. This living unity includes as one chief feature a tendency for A to get somehow to G.

He is not content, however, with showing the inadequacy of a too simplified and unreal system of fore-and-aft connections as an explanation of instinctive action. He thinks that "it is quite impossible to identify any scheme of chained neurones" with the cause of instincts. This may possibly turn out to be true, but believers in neurone-chains will not expect it to. Koffka follows much the same type of argument in protesting against the hypothesis of a too narrow and oversimplified associationism as the cause of learning, remembering, and reasoning. Since he has done me the honor of taking my presentation of associationism as representative, my view of his criticisms may perhaps be representative also. I welcome his criticisms and have profited by them. I agree with his insistence that very little in human instincts or learning proceeds in the form of a mere series of events like the tumbling down of a row of blocks when one is pushed. There is almost always a large amount of organization, control, and direction.

I think, however, that what we need to remedy the defects

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of a too mechanical connectionism is not fewer connections but more. The organization of a mental act seems to me to be given by the general set of associative tendencies in which the act is born, and by those which it evokes in its course. It is directed by the connections which it makes and which work back upon it to modify it. When certain alleged connections are shown not to exist, or to be inadequate, I shall not create "configurations" to help but shall hunt for the true connections; though I shall cheerfully recognize and welcome configurations whenever I find them. My chief suspicion of them is due to their undesirable and, I hope, very distant, relative vitalism. In one sentence (which I hope Koffka will soon renounce) he says: "If the choice lay between a mechanistic or a (psycho) vitalistic explanation, we should feel obliged to choose the latter." Surely the most erroneous attempt at science is better than vitalism, which is an abandonment of science.

EDWARD L. THORNDIKE

Moltke versus Bethmann

Aus meiner Dienstzeit: 1906-1918. Von Feldmarshall Conrad. Band IV. Vienna: Rikola Verlag.

THREE documents published in this volume by the former chief of the Austro-Hungarian general staff cast new light on the much-discussed intimate relations between Berlin and Vienna on the days, July 30 and 31, 1914, which brought the mobilization of Germany and the German ultimatum to Russia and so led to the World War.

On the evening of July 30 the Austrian Captain Fleischmann, attached to the German General Staff, reported that he had talked at seven that evening with Moltke, chief of the German General Staff. They had discussed the partial mobilization of Russia and the desire of Conrad that Germany in reply should mobilize against Russia simultaneously with Austria. The telegram reads:

> Russia's mobilization is not yet occasion for [German] mobilization: only when state of war exists between [Austrian] monarchy and Russia. Unlike usual Russian mobilizations and demobilizations Germany's mobilization would certainly lead to war. Do not declare war on Russia but await Russian attack.

Moltke had vainly urged the Kaiser to mobilize on July 29. He was advising Austria to mobilize—this dispatch confirms the testimony of the Austrian Ambassador in Berlin, Count Szögyeny—but to let Russia declare war. That would throw the odium of beginning the war on Russia. At 7 p. m. on the night of July 30 Bethmann still ruled. But late that evening Moltke sent a very different dispatch to Conrad—which Conrad received at 7:45 a. m. on July 31:

> Carry on through the Russian mobilization [Russische Mobilisierung durchhalten]. Austria-Hungary must be preserved; must mobilize at once against Russia. Germany will mobilize. Compel Italy to observe alliance by compensation.

Moltke had remarked to Fleischmann earlier in the evening that German mobilization meant war, and in the interval between the two telegrams he had won consent to eventual German mobilization—a night and half a day before the Russian general mobilization was known in Berlin (11:40 a. m., July 31). That mobilization, then, did not change Berlin's mind, but only gave the excuse for a course already decided upon.

But what caused Berlin to change its mind in the course of that evening of July 30? The documents already published by the Berlin Foreign Office gave the answer. It was the decision of Austria-Hungary to declare war on Serbia, of which the Berlin Foreign Office was informed that afternoon. This shattered the proposal of British-German mediation, which had been Bethmann's trump card in opposing German mobilization at the Prussian Ministerial Council. Moltke triumphed over Bethmann and informed Conrad of his victory direct by wire that evening.

A remark which Moltke made, probably in the same conversation with Fleischmann (although not reported until the next morning), indicates the decisiveness of Austria's attitude toward the British-German proposal of mediation. Moltke said: "Decline England's new step for preservation of peace. To go through with the European war is the last means of preserving Austria-Hungary. Germany certainly will support you." Moltke then was against peace; he went so far as secretly and behind their backs to work against the earnest effort of Wilhelm II and Bethmann to persuade the Austrian Government to accept the British proposals. There again he succeeded. It was, to be sure, easy, for the Austrian Government was unsympathetic to the English proposal from the start. Moltke's zeal doubtless made their decision easier.

When Count Berchtold received that telegram, handed to him by Conrad on the morning of July 31, he cried: "It has succeeded! Who rules, Moltke or Bethmann?" Moltke ruled indeed; Bethmann was beaten, and the World War was at hand. We know now who wanted the World War and how he brought it on.

HEINRICH KANNER

Books in Brief

The Nature of Life. By W. J. V. Osterhout. Henry Holt and Company. $1.50.

Mr. Osterhout is a mechanist rather than a vitalist. In searching for the basic distinction between living and non-living matter he discards growth, reproduction, motion, and irritability as infallible criteria and seizes upon destructive metabolism and selective permeability as of paramount importance. The origin of life, despite the ingenious speculations of Arrhenius, remains unsolved. The fact that so many life-processes can now be imitated mechanistically to a remarkable degree and that rapid progress continues in this direction inclines Mr. Osterhout to anticipate an ultimate explanation of the nature of life in mechanistic terms. The volume is very readable and very clear. It does at times appear rather remotely theoretical, but it is scientifically exact and the final section on The Control of Life is both practical and modern.

Der Zauberberg. Thomas Mann. Berlin: S. Fischer. 2 vols. 16 marks.

When Mann's first great book appeared a critic remarked that one true test of an artist was to be found in the manner in which he handled death scenes, and that Mann had proved himself a writer of consummate skill ten times in this one book. Similar macabre scenes make the present volume unforgettable. Into an Alpine hospital for tuberculosis patients the author brings a callow youth and shows his development through seven years and more than 1,200 pages. The youth learns a great deal about physical processes from the head physician, and other personalities conspire to further his education. Perhaps the most successful figure in the book is the Italian humanist Settembrini, as brilliant and satirical a *causeur* as can be found outside the pages of Anatole France. As usual, Mann spins into his story a great deal of poetic symbolism. But he does not again reach the height of "Die Buddenbrooks" or "Der Tod in Venedig." The artistic unity of those books is absent, and the symbolism is less successful.

The Voyage of the Argonauts. By Janet Ruth Bacon. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.50.

One of the numerous excellent studies now being made in England of the basic legends of ancient Greece.

Roman Poetry. By E. E. Sikes. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

A discourse on materials and methods, making much in particular of the classical doctrine of "imitation."

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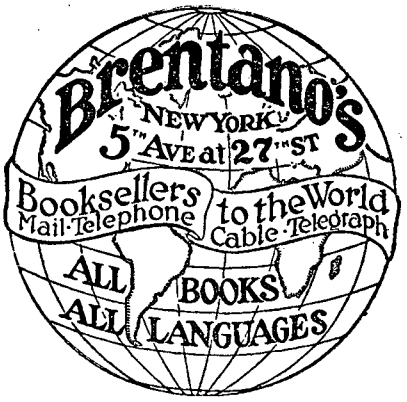

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In the latest number of the *Scandinavian Scientific Review* the editor, Dr. Martin Reymert, describes the inauguration of the Institut for Sammenlignende Kulturforskning, which originated in an act of the Norwegian Storthing in 1919. The aim of the institute is to become a center for international work in the comparative study of human culture, besides undertaking important researches through its own representatives. The institute has already begun an extensive study of the various peoples who inhabit the Arctic regions, beginning with an investigation of the reindeer culture and the habitations of the Lapps. In this work the institute hopes to receive valuable aid from the Bureau of American Ethnology. Another study will be made of the languages of the many different tribes in the valleys of the Caucasus. It is expected that a study of these languages and the Iranian languages will have an important bearing on some mooted problems in comparative philology.

German Travelers in America

By ERICH POSSELT

MORE misunderstanding has been caused by imbecile German books on America than could be caused by a war of many months' duration. This is hardly surprising if one considers such facts as that the author of "The Werewolf" recently visited the United States, stayed exactly thirty days, and wrote twenty-seven long papers on America for a score of German dailies and magazines. The tradition goes back many years, to the time when Ernst von Wolzogen was invited here by German-Americans and handed from one Verein to the other. What did he actually see of the country? Some sights, of course, and a few dyed-in-the-wool natives. Hardly anything else. And on the strength of this genuine and exhaustive first-hand knowledge Herr von Wolzogen and too many others became experts on America. Only thus becomes explicable such a book as Roda-Roda's "Ein Frühling in Amerika," written after a three months' stay in and near New York, and telling such momentous truths as that no American uses his razor blades twice or that every stenographer in Washington has her own car.

After years of incessant search I venture to state that among the numberless German books on the subject of America not one is trustworthy—this despite the fact that Holitscher wrote a rather good book about a decade ago, and that Gustav Frenssen's "Briefe aus Amerika" are quietly amusing and well meant. Alfred Kerr's book, "New York und London," is a collection of witty epigrams; but of the spirit of the United States even this gifted journalist knows little, and so does Friedrich Dessauer, whose "Auslandsrätsel" devotes to the United States more than half of its contents. Gerhard Venzmer's "Amerikafahrt," the story of a trip across the ocean and a visit to New York, is as Baedekeresque in conception as it is puerile in its endeavor to weave into the account a love story between the author and a "famous" opera singer. Equally little is to be said in favor of Admiral Hollweg's "Columbusfahrt," or of "New Yorker Spaziergänge," again by Gerhard Venzmer. But the climax of the series is reached in Herbert Eulenberg's "Amerikanische Lichtbilder." What tempted this otherwise gifted essayist to write such nonsense about our "bedlam" it is difficult to understand.

One exception there is, however, and a notable one—a book a dozen or more years old, recently republished in a popular one-volume edition. Erwin Rosen's "Der deutsche Lausbub in Amerika" (Stuttgart: Lutz; New York: Atlantic Book and Art Corporation) is the story of a young ne'er-do-well who is sent to America by his parents, and it is more than merely amusing. Working on a farm in Texas, tramping across the continent, jumping trains, dodging railroad detectives and small-town constabularies, serving "time" as a cub reporter in San Francisco, fighting alongside Roosevelt and his Rough Riders in Cuba, the author gathered so much material that every page of his truly extraordinary book is crammed with significant incident. And the cumulative picture presented is immeasurably truer than all of the books I have mentioned or purposely omitted from this account.

Drama

Freudian Farce

THE members of the Nugent family, best known as the authors of "Kempy," are responsible for an hilarious farce-comedy, "The Poor Nut" (Henry Miller's Theater), which is neither so elementary nor so raucous as the title might seem to imply. The authors, father and son, are professional actors with a fine eye for the requirements of popular comedy, and it is popular comedy which they write; but they have in addition other gifts which raise their plays definitely above the level of the machine-made products with which they compete and give them the unmistakable flavor of personality. Nothing could be, in outline, more banal than the story of the timid and despised grind of the college who is suddenly discovered to have unsuspected athletic ability capable of saving the day for his Alma Mater; and yet this story, given several ingenious twists, is made the basis of a play which is not only one of the most amusing comedies of the season, but which is, also, destined to an almost certain success because, for once, the laughter of the judicious will mingle in perfect harmony with the laughter of the general.

The young hero, dragged somewhat unwillingly from the study of his beloved algae to participate in the track meet, completely loses what little nerve he had when a bouncing co-ed who has taken him in hand promises him herself as a reward of victory. Mysteriously, however, he regains it when another girl impresses upon his lips a kiss which, she assures him, is merely by way of friendly encouragement; and it is not until the race has been won and the last act reached that he realizes he had been about to fail because in that subconsciousness concerning which the co-ed had talked so glibly he was not at all eager for the promised reward. Now this is excellent Freudianism, adroitly and unpedantically turned to the service of farce, and it is characteristic of the whole method of the authors. Never forgetting that thought cannot be more than the background of popular comedy, they never relax for a moment the speed with which the external events of their play move; and they take full advantage of every tested theatrical device, providing among other things the most exciting and best-executed race-track scene that I have ever witnessed. But behind it all is discernible the thing most obviously lacking in the customary popular entertainment, namely, the sophisticated intelligence of a civilized man. Thanks to this intelligence, the authors are able not only to escape all banality but actually to make farce the vehicle of criticism. Instead of the usual stage version of the rah-rah spirit, which is, if anything, more nauseous than the reality, we are given some telling if good-humored satire upon collegiate Babbittism and a gorgeous parody of the religion of athletics—especially in the speech of the coach who describes to his warriors the undying shame which will be the lot of them and their descendants if they allow the cup to pass from the hands of old Ohio State. And instead of the conventional portrait of the college grind we are given a character which, even though conceived in the spirit of farce, has nevertheless a relation to reality. With a few deft touches the authors describe the predicament of the young scholar who is pathetically eager to measure up to the meaningless standard of the fraternity man, and when at the end, renouncing the co-ed who was determined to make a man of him, he says: "It's no use, boys, I guess I'll never amount to anything, I'll just be a college professor and that is all," the

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farce almost rises to the level of high comedy. In such plays as this lies one of the hopes of the popular theater, since they break down the sharp division between literary drama and the "good show" by bringing a certain amount of intelligence and sympathy to the service of pure entertainment. Well acted as it is, especially by Elliott Nugent as the boy and Norma Lee and Florence Shirley as the two girls in question, "The Poor Nut" may be safely recommended to any taste.

"The Gorilla" (Selwyn Theater) is at once the *ne plus ultra* and the *reductio ad absurdum* of mystery plays. The dramatis personae include the primate mentioned in the title, and there are more invisible doorways, secret passages, strange disappearances, and varied eerie phenomena than were ever before crowded into one evening. Not intended to be taken more than one-quarter seriously, the piece is briskly written and provided with sufficient comic relief. It is, in its way, quite entertaining. "Aloma of the South Seas" (Lyric Theater) is, as its name might suggest, a sufficiently conventional melodrama, but it is abundantly supplied with hula-hula girls, Hawaiian guitars, assorted derelicts, and the other picturesque appurtenances of tropical drama. George Gaul as the native hero plays well. At the Heckscher Theater a group of children are being presented by the Actors' Theater in a series of afternoon performances of a Persian fairy tale called "Kai Khosru." A miniature and highly imaginative setting has been provided which does much to bring out the charm both of the ancient tale and of the children who present it.

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